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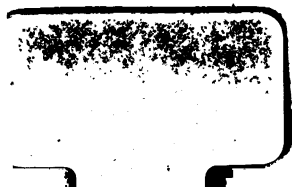


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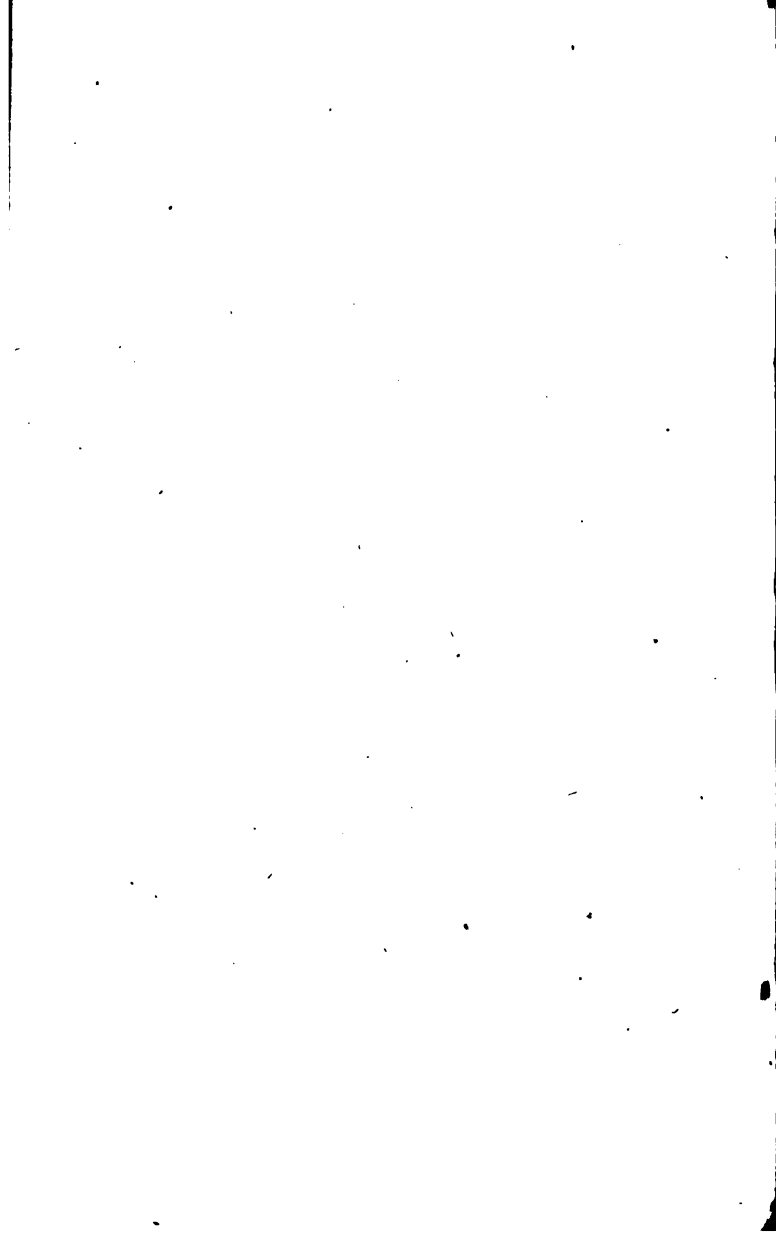
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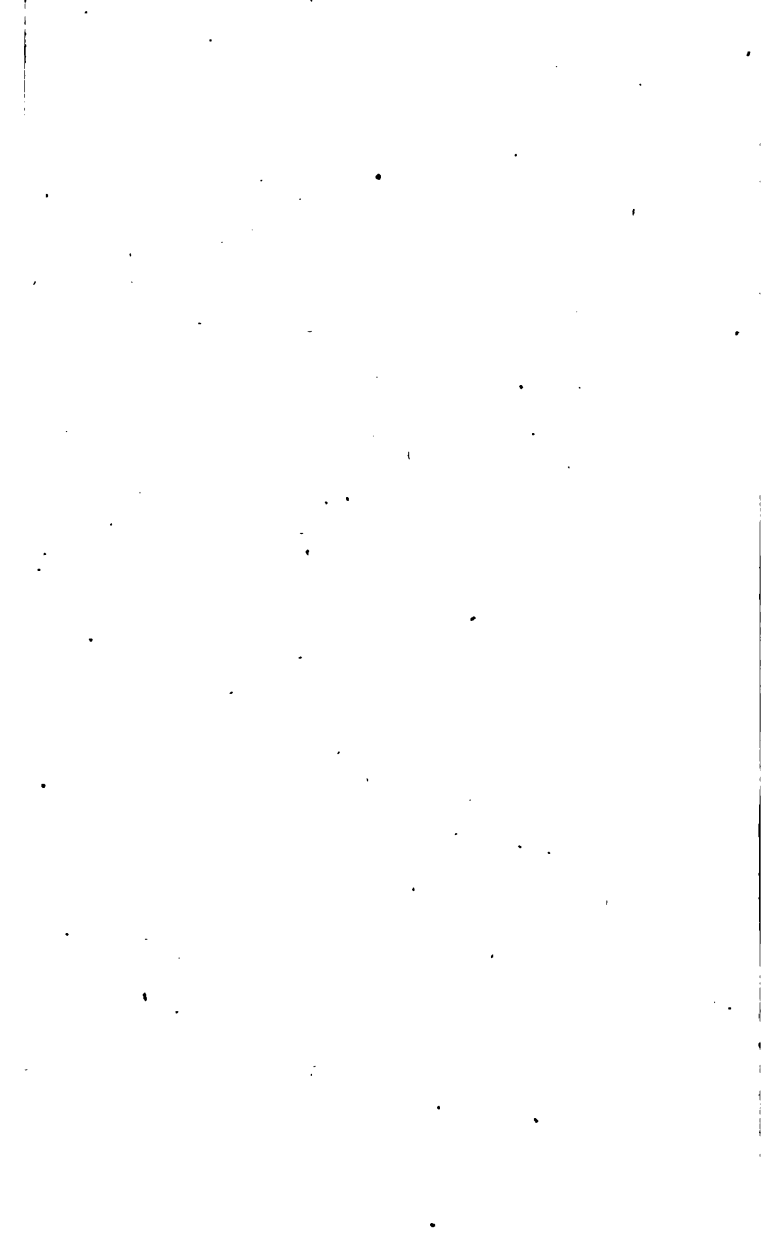
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4  
Gives us the idea of a person who  
is not a person at all.







THE  
MIDLAND MINSTREL

by

*T. Gillet.*



*Ruins of Openay Abbey.*





THE  
**MIDLAND MINSTRELS**

Consisting chiefly of

**TRADITIONAL TALES**

AND

**Local Legends.**

---

BY THOMAS GILLET.

---



OXFORD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MUNDAY AND SLATTER;

SOLD ALSO BY G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,  
AVE-MARIA-LANE, LONDON.

1822.

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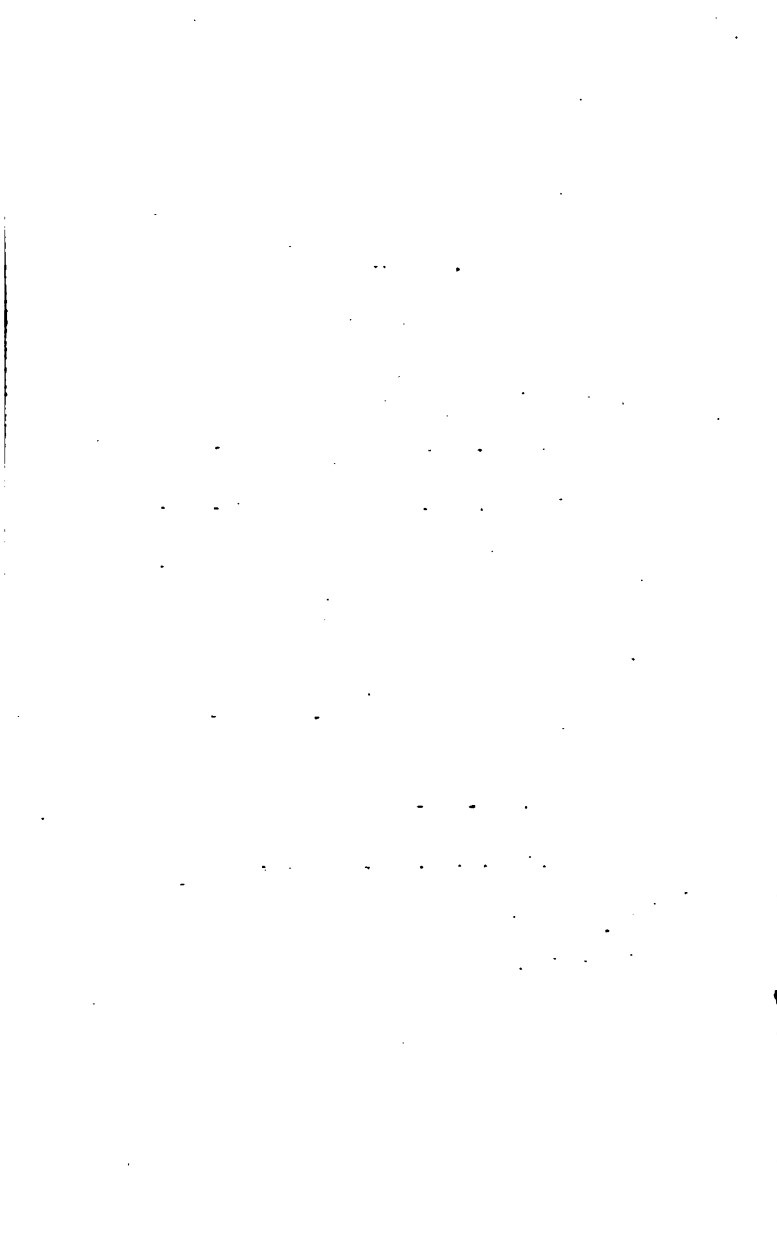
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following pieces were written with a view to embody and rescue from oblivion, if possible, a few years longer, some of the most interesting traditions of my native place. Several of them were sent, by a friend of the writer, to the Editor of the OXFORD HERALD, in the spring of 1821, and were interspersed through an original narrative then publishing in that interesting Journal. The occasional pieces were written at various periods; and the whole are submitted to the public with extreme diffidence.

*February 12th, 1822.*





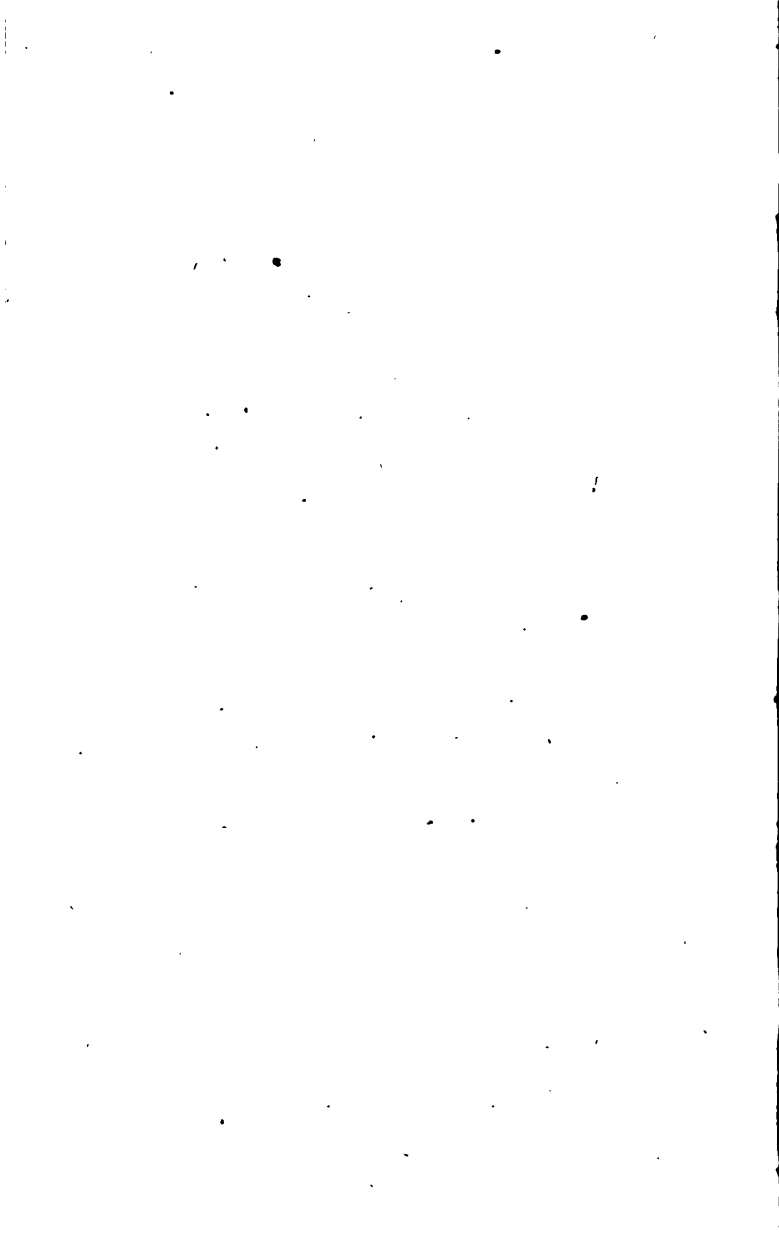
## INTRODUCTION.

---

ONCE more, my dear lov'd Lyre—once more  
I string thee on that fairy shore  
Where first thy simple frame I found,  
And wak'd thee into life and sound.  
Since then I've wander'd deep and far,  
Scarce cheer'd by Science' guiding star,  
Some latent treasure to espy  
In realms of hoar Antiquity :  
Whilst wand'ring there, behold ! a Dame,  
The Genius of the region, came  
And led me many a mazy round  
O'er ruins of enchanted ground—  
Her face the wreck of beauty seem'd,  
Her eye with life's last fervour gleam'd—  
Slow was her pace, her figure bent,  
Her robes by time and storms were rent—  
Wrinkled her front, her tresses hoar,  
A staff to aid her steps she bore :—

She view'd me as I mov'd along,  
As if suspecting one so young ;  
But when she found I held my way  
Through fair and foul, without dismay,  
She smil'd, and gave me welcome meet  
To her obscure and deep retreat :  
O 'twas a wild rude scene and wide,  
And many a marvel there I spied—  
Remnants of broken charm and spell,  
And objects that I dare not tell :  
On these I gaz'd, and thought, and por'd,  
And many a curious gem explor'd.  
She view'd my warm pursuit with pleasure,  
And show'd me many a nobler treasure,  
Until my bounding heart beat high,  
And rapture sparkl'd in each eye ;  
Then on her way she tottering went,  
O'er fallen arch and battlement,  
Through crumbled halls, bestrewn with spoils,  
Raz'd domes, and desecrated aisles,  
By time-rent tow'rs, mid shapeless graves,  
And through deep subterranean caves,  
Where soon my eyes a scroll glanc'd o'er  
Which many a curious record bore.

O trust me there is not a glade,  
A hill, a vale, a woodland shade,  
Or nook, round which the waters wind,  
With which a tale is not entwin'd  
That might the simplest bard inspire,  
And wake to ecstasy his lyre:  
And shall they fade like yonder bow,  
Whose broad arch spans the vale below,  
With various tints, now bright and warm,  
Now lost amid the gath'ring storm?  
Forbid it fancy—wanderer wild—  
Forbid it truth—heaven's favourite child—  
Forbid it memory—and you,  
Castalian nymphs, forbid it too.  
The Genius tun'd each sounding string,  
And these the lays she bade me sing.



THE  
MIDLAND MINSTREL.

---

**Bullington.**

THICK o'er the hill the shade descends,  
Big with the copious tears of heav'n;  
The arch that o'er the welkin bends,  
By fiery bolts is rudely riven.

The chasm yawns; the thunder's peal  
Strikes terror through th' astonish'd earth;  
It shakes the hill, it thrills the vale,  
And awes each heart of mortal birth.

But more than mortal treads yon heath,  
He seems the playmate of the storm;  
The vapoury mists his temples wreath,  
And lightnings sport around his form.

His stature is the rock whose height  
Majestically props the sky;  
His arm the thunderbolt of might,  
The meteor's flame his angry eye.

He stalks the terror of the ground,  
The firm sod trembles 'neath his feet,  
His voice the distant hills rebound,  
His frown with horror is replete.

Who's he that treads yon lonely heath,  
Rich with the trophies he hath won,  
Whose brow the circling vapours wreath?  
The mighty giant Bullington.

Long has he held that wide domain,  
Long reign'd the forest's sovereign lord;  
Spread wide his conquests o'er the plain,  
And rul'd the vale of Oxenford.

He's skill'd to hurl the barbed dart,  
And strong the pond'rous stone to throw;  
His shaft o'ertakes the fleetest hart,  
He fells the wild boar with a blow.

\* \* \*

The giant stood beneath yon hill,  
And strain'd his tough bow-string so well,  
The arrow wandered full three mile  
Onward due east before it fell.

The Britons mark'd its wond'rous flight,  
And quick their homage to display,  
Erected dwellings on the site,  
And call'd the village WHERE-IT-LAY.\*

O! he is kindly mild and free  
To all who his protection claim;  
But cross-eyed Eavy pines to see  
His matchless deeds and well-earn'd fame.

And soon a secret wife she tries—  
She marks where he is laid along,  
With slumber settled on his eyes,  
And binds him in a chain full strong.

Her task is wrought; the giant wakes,  
His limbs confess but little pain—  
Like withes his iron bonds he breaks,  
And hurls them down yon narrow lane.†

They fall like thunder on the ground,  
And wake the wild deer from his lair;  
Yon hills reverberate the sound—  
'Tis long ere it decays in air.

\* \* \*

\* Of which, says the Legend, WHEATLEY is a corruption.

† Hence called Chainy-lane.



The Saxon bath to Britain sped,  
The fierce marauder scour the land;  
Before him stalk dismay and dread,  
Despair and death sit on his brand.

A panic thrills the Briton's heart—  
Away, in haste he flies for life;  
He fears the Saxon's pointed dart,  
And dares not mix in martial strife.

But who is't bids the dastard stand,  
And boldly face th' invading foe?  
'Tis Bullington, with staff in hand,  
That meditates the fateful blow.

The habitants of hill and vale,  
From Chiltern heights to Oxenford,  
Have mark'd the Saxons' might prevail,  
And well the giant's aid implor'd.

The armies meet—the combat glows,  
The arrow hits the point design'd;  
Like thunder sound the desperate blows,  
And dying groans oppress the wind.

The giant marches in his might,  
His hands surcharg'd with woe and death;  
He well defends the broad hill's height,  
And 'whelms his feeble foes beneath.

He heaves a pond'rous stone on high—  
The Saxon chief is crush'd and slain;  
Hark to that wild expiring cry!  
A thousand heroes strew the plain.

'Tis terror, rout, confusion, fear,  
Through all the wearied Saxon host;  
The Britons press them in the rear,  
And all their valorous strength is lost.

But oh! the fatal shaft hath sped—  
The giant feels a mortal wound;  
Feebly he sinks amongst the dead—  
His pond'rous corse indents the ground.

The peasant finds him on the heath,  
And in the green turf carves his form;  
And while his ashes fade beneath,  
Renews it at each spring's return.\*

\* Many inhabitants of Oxford recollect the turf Giant of Shotover Hill, which some years since was destroyed by the plough.

**Matilda.**

THE spirit of winter hath rush'd boldly forth  
In maddening mood from his cave in the north ;  
He groans in the valley and howls on the hill,  
And binds in strong fetters the streams of the rill.  
His steeds are the whirlwinds, his chariot a cloud,  
And he flings o'er the bare earth a silvery shroud.  
The ravens of darkness their pinions have spread,  
To shadow the path where the spirit hath sped ;  
He mark'd the fierce agents of faction bedew'd  
With the sweat-drops of shame and their own brother's  
blood,

And bade his wild blasts their rude ravage delay,  
Lest Britain should sink, to destruction a prey.  
And hark ! from the centre of D'Oily's dark pile,  
That bulwark of Oxford, the pride of the isle—  
The voice of a female floats soft on the air,  
Yet sad as it gush'd from a heart in despair :  
'Tis the Empress Matilda ! 'tis Henry's fair daughter !  
The heir to the crown ! who a refuge hath sought there !  
For the traitorous Stephen hath seiz'd on her right,  
Hath routed her forces, and follow'd her flight ;  
And now she is pent up from freedom and joy,  
Like a bird which the fowlers await to destroy.  
“ O Britain ! ” she cries, from her station of gloom,  
“ My country, my heritage, birth-right, and home,

- " What demon of strife hath thy children possess'd ?  
" What wounds have been torn in thy long-troubl'd breast !  
" When first 'mongst thy sages for learning I sought,  
" By lust I was follow'd through palace and cot ;  
" No measures avail'd me to dash his design,  
" Till I enter'd a convent and fell at the shrine :  
" And now duly come to assert but my own,  
" A traitor inherits both sceptre and throne.  
" O Britain, then why of your chivalry vaunting ?  
" What's the impulse of valour where loyalty's wanting ?  
" 'Tis the rage of the maniac that fires him to slay  
" The friend he should cherish, the guardian obey.  
" And thou, gallant Stephen, go boast of thy spoil,  
" A woman thou'st routed and bound in thy toil ;  
" But vaunt not too much of thy courage and pow'r,  
" For vengeance awaits thee, and near is its hour.  
" What think'st thou, a captive I'll bow at thy feet,  
" And sue for thy mercy—thy pardon entreat ?  
" No !—first from its station this tongue would I sever,  
" And quit ev'ry comfort for ever and ever !  
" But soft—a dread vision bursts full on my sight  
" With prospects of horror, wild shapes of affright !  
" O Stephen, I see thee deserted and lone,  
" Despoil'd of the sceptre, and hurl'd from the throne ;  
" All pow'rless and friendless, a fugitive thing,  
" Late mock'd with the title and state of a king !  
" The angel of Famine, still meagre and wan,  
" Looks mournful on beasts, and scowls fiercely on man ;

" Whilst the covetous prelate thy promises hur'd  
" T'anoint thee a monarch, points 'gainst thee the sword!  
" Thy false-hearted friends stand aloof, or turn foes,  
" Rejoice at thy downfall, and mock at thy woes!  
" Far onward I see thee by blood-hounds pursu'd—  
" Strife, faction, and malice, a merciless brood;  
" And vainly thou claim'st every fortress and tower—  
" Thy mandate is spurn'd, and resisted thy power.  
" The haughty-soul'd Baron his castle will shield,  
" And the priest die in arms ere a privilege yield!  
" Thy fates are indignant—the people demand  
" Concession in terms which thou can'st not withstand;  
" Confess my just rights—thy own shame. It is done,  
" The sceptre at death shall descend to my son;  
" Who long o'er his people shall prosperously reign,  
" Improve their condition, extend his domain;  
" New trophies of honour and glory acquire,  
" That will blazon his memory till time shall expire.

" Enough—I have found what I labour'd to find,  
" Henceforth all my troubles I give to the wind;  
" In vain are we prison'd and leaguer'd around,  
" The means of escape from our thralldom abound:  
" Haste, D'Oily and D'Arcourt, and Arundel speed,  
" Bring forth from the sacristy sanctity's weed;  
" Rob'd in this, we may safe from captivity go,  
" Unknown, unsuspected, through ranks of the foe."

She said, and they deck'd them in mantles of white,  
And stole out like spectres who trouble the night;  
So dash'd was the foe, that he deem'd with dismay  
They were spirits commission'd his crimes to repay!  
Unmark'd was their course, and their persons unknown,  
But their rooms in the morn were found empty and lone;  
The tyrant in vain seeks his wrath to assuage—  
They are gone, and deriding his impotent rage.

Rosamond;

OR,

THE FLOWER OF ISIS.

I.

HARK! heard ye not a shriek of woe  
Burst on the ear, and thrill and quiver?  
Say whence those piercing accents flow  
That echo down the rippling river?  
Oft from yon ivied bow'r they come  
When evening spreads her veil of gloom;  
And there a viewless spirit stalks,  
And to the cold moon fondly talks.  
The rustic, 'lated on the lea,  
Hath often heard the same  
Complaining deep and bitterly  
The fall of love and fame.

## II.

O fresher than the morn of May  
When blushing from her bed she rises—  
More bright than summer's golden ray  
Was the young blooming Flow'r of Isis;  
Nor rack that floats in noontide's beam,  
Nor cygnet on the silver stream,  
Nor pearl deep in the ocean laid,  
Is half so fair as was that maid:  
Transparent shone her polish'd skin,  
A web of purest snow;  
The blood through every branching vein  
Was almost seen to flow.

## III.

Rose of the world! thy youthful years  
Flew fast away on downy pinion;  
Thou hadst no cares, thou knew'st no fears—  
Thy parents' joy and pleasure's minion;  
But soon those early years were flown,  
And thou begirt with woman's zone;  
When lo! a thousand troubles wait thee,  
A thousand dangers close beset thee;  
And vainly would'st thou realize  
The promise childhood gave;  
In vain aspire to dignities  
Or love or honour crave.

## IV.

Why do yon convent gates expand,  
The long-drawn aisle and shrine revealing?  
Who is it midst yon vestal band  
Seems likes a seraph humbly kneeling?  
Alas! what cruelty to doom  
Such beauty to the cloister's gloom!—  
Renounce the world? its ways disown  
Ere half their witching charms are known?  
Her sire hath sworn! her form is veil'd!  
The portals close around her!  
Her vow is pledg'd! her promise seal'd!  
That compact fast hath bound her!

## V.

And now in vain her fancy paints  
The world a scene of varying blisses;  
In vain her ardent spirit pants  
To show how blessed she who blesses:  
Now all the pleasure she can know  
Is with yon vestal train to go  
Each week from their obscure retreat,  
Where festive bands at Medley meet.  
But what avails it there to rove  
Amid that heartless throng,  
Who, custom-led, all duteous move  
Like sculptur'd forms along?



## VI.

Blithe spreads the dawn o'er hill and dale ;  
The golden sun triumphant rises ;  
The nuns from yonder convent steal,  
And 'mongst them the young Flow'r of Isis ;  
How light her step ! what sylphlike grace !  
The veil scarce shades her glowing face !  
O there is magic in that form,  
Which might a very hermit warm !  
And shall she never feel again  
Sweet rapture's social thrill ?  
Yes, she must quit yon cheerless train,  
And taste of joy awhile.

## VII.

For lo ! a stranger midst the band  
With palmer's weeds his vest is veiling ;  
He seems as born for high command ;  
His eye is fraught with fire and feeling ;  
He turns to Rosamond and speaks—  
The colour kindles on her cheeks ;  
He whispers something in her ear  
She seems surpris'd yet pleas'd to hear :  
And now he leads the damsel on ;  
In vain the Abbess frowns—  
The portal's gain'd ! her freedom won !  
His name and state he owns.

VIII.

Rose of the world! O thou art borne  
 To grace a mighty monarch's bower;  
 And well he tends at eve and morn  
 His delicate and peerless flower.  
 No more within yon gloomy cell  
 The long-worn ros'ry shalt thou tell;  
 Nor longer drop th' impassion'd tear  
 With ev'ry bead through ev'ry pray'r.—  
 What prison'd bird would not delight  
     To wing the air again?  
 What bondman would not danger slight  
     His liberty to gain?

IX.

But, Rosamond, say, art thou blest,  
 Thy liberty and love possessing?  
 Is conscience sleeping in thy breast?  
 And feel'st thou not a pang distressing?  
 Alas! when innocence is flown,  
 Each finer sense of joy is gone—  
 Thought like a spectre haunts the mind,  
 But rest nor welcome there can find.—  
 Poor fragile flow'r! how short the date  
     Of thy resplendent prime;  
 Fresh cares and terrors round thee wait—  
     Thou droop'st before thy time.

## X.

Hark ! peals the brazen trumpet's sound,  
And loud the battle steed is neighing !  
Say, whither is thy Henry bound,  
Those signs of fatal strife displaying ?  
No more of guilty dalliance—  
Thy hero must away to France,  
For there his trait'rous son commands  
The foe against his loyal bands—  
And deep into yon secret bow'r  
Thou instant must repair ;  
There waste the solitary hour  
In caution and in care,

## XI.

For still the fierce and jealous Queen  
With bitter zeal thy life is seeking ;  
Ev'n now her eye explores the scene  
Where thy poor 'reaved heart lies breaking :  
No more avails the secret clue,  
Design'd t' illude her searching view ;  
For sordid gold, base glitt'ring dust,  
Thy warder hath betray'd his trust :  
And now th' important hour is come—  
Thy rival stands before thee—  
This hour she names thy hour of doom,  
And waves her dagger o'er thee.

XII.

In vain the anguish'd teardrop flows  
 For mercy thou in vain art kneeling—  
 Fresh charms each word, each action shows,  
 Which fires her brain and racks her feeling.  
 Say, will the hawk release the dove  
 Because she's fairest in the grove?  
 Will the fierce vulture spare his prey?  
 Or for vain cries its fate delay?  
 No:—What shall soothe a woman's rage,  
     Her rival in her pow'r?  
 'Twere easier thirst of wolf t' assuage,  
     That snuffs the scent of gore.

XIII.

Wild flames her eye—hoarse sounds her voice—  
 Her breast with horrid gusts is rising:  
 "Base wretch," she cries, "declare thy choice—  
 "Or pointed steel or deadly poison;—  
 "In vain, in vain each fond delay,  
 "This moment rends thy life away:  
 "Refuse the drug, and lo! I dart  
 "This dagger to thy treach'rous heart."  
 Reluctantly she takes the cup—  
     In tears her eyeballs swim;  
 She drinks the deadly potion up,  
     And trembles ev'ry limb.

## XIV.

As glares the tigress on the lamb,  
 Which prostrate in her grasp is lying,  
 So glares the Queen on that fair dame,  
 Whilst writhing at her feet and dying:  
 Successive changes mark her frame—  
 Awhile 'tis chill'd, then flush'd with flame—  
 Each moment varying still its hue,—  
 Now pale—now red—now livid blue:  
 How strain'd each vein! how deep each groan!  
     Her form on earth's extended!  
 With that long sob her soul is flown!  
     And now the strife is ended.

## XV.

Hark! heard ye not a shriek of woe:  
 Burst on the ear, and thrill and quiver?  
 Say, know ye whence those accents flow  
 That echo down the rippling river?  
 Oft from yon ivied bower they come  
 When ev'ning spreads her veil of gloom;  
 And there a viewless spirit stalks,  
 And to the cold moon fondly talks:  
 The rustic, 'lated on the lea,  
     Hath often heard the same  
 Complaining deep and bitterly  
     The fall of love and fame.

**The Abbot of Oseney.**

**THE** Abbot of Oseney a journey hath ta'en  
 To visit the Papal See;  
 And he hath cross'd o'er land and main  
 To southern Italy.

He kneels with awe at the foot of the Pope,  
 With countenance distressing;  
 But ere his prayer is offer'd up  
 The Pope hath given him his blessing.

His heart is full, that erst was dull,  
 And his smile is all effulgence;  
 For the Pope hath granted the pleaded Bull,  
 With many a kind indulgence.

The Abbot of Oseney wanders again  
 To visit each hallowed pile  
 Throughout the Papal wide domain,  
 And is aye receiv'd with a smile.

But what there met his Reverend view  
 He'll never to man unfold,  
 For what the Abbots in secret do  
 Should never abroad be told.

The day for the Abbot's return is come,  
And the Monks make preparation  
To welcome the holy Father home.  
To the duties of his vocation.

The day is pass'd, and they fervently pray  
The Saint their Abbot to save;  
But much they fear by land or sea.  
He hath found a timeless grave.

The day is pass'd, and their bodies are cast  
To the earth in humble prostration;  
And they toll the bell, and their beads they tell,  
And vent their lamentation.

Thus months roll on, till hope is gone,  
And every bosom is sorrow,  
And the Monks determine to send away  
For another Abbot to-morrow.

But while they pray in their 'custom'd way,  
And the loss of their Father deplore,  
They mark a ray through the twilight grey,  
And hear a shout at the door.

They pause and they list, their heads they have kiss'd,  
'Tis a well-known voice they hear!  
Through aisle they rush, and through cloister they pass,  
And all in the court appear.

They eagerly press round the outer gate,  
 They fling the portal wide—  
 The Abbot enters the court in state,  
 With a Stranger at his side.

But short the greeting the Abbot gives  
 To Monks who welcome him home,  
 And soon with the Stranger he arrives  
 In his chamber's innermost gloom.

The Monks they eyed the youth as he pass'd,—  
 “ He is young a Monk to be,  
 “ That blushing cheek and eye down cast  
 “ Speak more than modesty.”

The Abbot hath got his chambers prepar'd,  
 Adjoining one to the other;  
 This for himself, well belted and barr'd,  
 And that for the youthful brother.

The matin bell rings, and the daylight springs,  
 And the Monks are all in motion;  
 Far into the choir they quickly retire,  
 While the Abbot leads the devotion.

And now before the shrine they bow,  
 And every Monk is there,  
 Except the youth whose snow-white brow  
 Is shaded with golden hair.



But when the ray has warm'd the day  
He deigns abroad to stalk,  
In friendly way with the Abbot grey,  
And soft is their whisper'd talk.

And oft by the side of yon river they glide,  
When falls the shade of even,  
All unannoy'd and unesp'y'd,  
Except by the eye of heaven.

The form of that youth is a graceful form,  
And his voice is music clear;  
The blush on his cheek is the blush of the morn,  
His hand is the lily fair.

His breast is round, and it silently heaves  
Beneath its covering weeds;  
His foot is taper and small, and it leaves  
No print wherever it treads.

The young Monks sigh as he passes them by,  
Entranc'd in silent wonder;  
But the old ones turn to heaven and mourn,  
As dreading its vengeful thunder.

The Abbot oft leads the Stranger forth  
T' enjoy the summer's prime;  
For well he knows the Stranger's worth,  
And together they spend their time.

And that Stranger youth is a Stranger in truth  
 To the Monks of the sacred pile;  
 He looks not on them, and they speak not to him  
 When they meet in court or aisle.

The Abbots from many houses around  
 To Oseney now repair,  
 To speak on matters occult and profound,  
 And with the Father confer.

Not long those matters detain them there,  
 But each on his return  
 Hath ta'en with him a Stranger fair,  
 In his own hall to sojourn.

Ah! woe to the Abbot of Oseney, woe!  
 To lawless rites attending;  
 Ah! woe to the Abbot of Oseney, woe!  
 His bitter fate's impending.

The guilty Father asleep is laid  
 At mid-day in his bower,  
 And he sees in his dream a form o'er the stream  
 Glide lightly along the shore.

His robe is white, and his eyes are bright,  
 But they sparkle with indignation,  
 And fix on him till every limb  
 Quivers with trepidation.

It stands by his couch, and in accents dread

Thus thunders in his ear :

“ From the heavenly clime by order sublime

“ I come, thy sentence to bear.

“ Then hear—Thou shalt die, and long shalt thou lie

“ In regions of torment and sorrow ;

“ The demons will have thee, the saints will not save thee.

“ And no other aid canst thou borrow.

“ And more, it is plann’d no Abbey shall stand

“ Long, long in this wicked isle ;

“ Her King shall demand both silver and land,

“ And pull down each hallow’d pile.

“ The Heretic’s power shall soon prevail,

“ For the Church is righteous no more ;

“ And the innocent few of her sons shall sail

“ To a distant, holier shore.”

The vision it said, and the vision it fled

Away on the viewless air ;

And the Abbot awoke, and found by his bed

The soother of all his care.

He strove to speak, but he strove in vain,

His voice was lost and gone :—

They heard the strain as of one in pain,

And they heard a dying groan.

It came from the river, and loud was the scream,  
 They flew to the slippery shore ;  
 Together they stumbled and fell in the stream,  
 And never were heard of more !

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**The Monk's Dilemma.**

O WOE to the graceless Heretic  
 That dares against Mother Church to speak :  
 What, doubt of her doctrines ! rebel rude,  
 Let him still with her curses be pursued ;  
 What, say her holy priests are frail !  
 That the flesh may o'er their spirits prevail !  
 And that to the Pope it never was given  
 To become the warden of hell and heaven !  
 O graceless wretch ! let his doom be completed :—  
 'Tis done—he is excommunicated !  
 —And now he must live on earth unblest,  
 And when dead his spirit can never find rest,  
 Unless perchance he turn and repent,  
 And all his deadly errors recant.  
 He lives unblest, for with ban and bell  
 They ring in his ears a constant knell,  
 And pursue him still with rancour and strife,  
 And put him in danger of losing his life :—  
 He turns him for safety and feigns to repent ;  
 And now his oppressors a little relent ;

But ere the priest can grant remission,  
The Church must hear his recantation.

Away to Saint Mary's, the bells have rung—  
The mass is said and the hymns have been sung;  
Away to Saint Mary's, the Heretic's there,  
With the fagot at back he's doom'd to bear:  
The church is crowded through aisle and nave,  
And all is silent and still as the grave,  
Except the preacher's voice profound,  
And the echoes that wake in the niches around;  
And these assume a strange wild tone,  
Almost to man and earth unknown.  
All's silent?—no, hark! a cry they hear  
Of fire! fire! fire! and lights appear,  
Flashing on buttress, window, and beam,  
And darting against the roof their gleam;  
They come from a distant chimney that's burning,  
And the cry from one through the streets returning—  
The Doctors look up from nave and choir  
And think the church is kindling with fire;  
Each starts from his seat and cries and shrieks—  
“ This is done by the graceless Heretics,  
“ Who boldly against our lives conspire,  
“ And lo! they have wrapt the church in fire.”  
Confusion, who made the pulpit his station,  
Hath sent his soul 'mongst the congregation:  
There's falling o'er seats, there's scrambling o'er pews;  
There's rushing and pushing, with wound and bruise;

There's tumbling in heaps till the rails are broke—  
 The dust ascends and they deem it smoke,  
 And press to the door, but they cannot uncloze it;  
 They strive and strain, but their numbers oppose it:  
 They roar for aid, and for help they shout  
 To the saints within and the rabble without;  
 And offer money and all they wear  
 To be dragg'd from thence by the ears or hair!  
 One snatches a board to shield his head,  
 And swears he feels the moulten lead!  
 Another hears crackling mid rafter and beam!  
 And another is scorch'd by the heat of the flame!  
 'Tis strange to see what wild vagaries  
 Are play'd in the confines of Saint Mary's—  
 'Tis strange to hear what cries resound  
 Saint Mary's area and aisles around—  
 'Tis enough to awake the mouldering dead,  
 And make them start in troops from their bed:  
 There's crouding to window and climbing o'er door—  
 Redoubling of shout, and shriek, and roar:  
 Some bound over shoulders, inspir'd by despair,  
 And walk upon pates and trample grey hair:  
 Behold that Friar, the casement half through,  
 Swings backward and forth, but no further can go;  
 Whilst yonder Monk, the crowd before,  
 Slides gently down 'twixt wall and door,  
 With a Boy who, seeing his cowl wide spread,  
 Hath cunningly thither himself convey'd;

The Monk escaping feels not the weight  
On his shoulders, but flies with heart elate,  
Till finding at length all danger past,  
He perceives his burden and stands aghast,  
And fancies and fears that the spirit foul  
Who fir'd the church hath flown into his cowl !  
Each hair upright on his dark head stands—  
He rolls round his eyes, and he stretches his hands,  
And begins to exorcise—" What demon, declare,  
" Art thou ? and wherefore com'st thou here ?  
" Depart from hence, nor my peace annoy."  
The youth cries out, " I am Bertram's Boy !"  
" Nay, nay, in the Name most appalling to thee,  
" Declare what thou art, and depart from me :  
" By all the saints in yonder skies"—  
" I am Bertram's Boy," the youth replies ;  
" I am Bertram's Boy—let me down from thy back."  
The Monk begins to perceive his mistake,  
And lowers his cowl—the Boy leaps out,  
And runs away mid jest and shout—  
The church is clear'd—untouch'd by flame,  
And the Monks sculk home, o'erwhelm'd with shame.

**The Fate of Lady Dudley.**

**HARK!** sweetly sounds the merry peal  
From the distant Oxford tower;  
Rich odours sail on the balmy gale  
That breathes o'er grot and bower.

The sun looks down with smiling face  
On meadow, moor, and lea;  
But darkness throws o'er Cumner Place  
Her thick robe gloomily.

The blithest minstrel of the grove  
Pours rapture from his throat;  
While the tenderest heart of the loneliest dove  
Dissolves in a dying note.

Whence comes that deep and piteous moan  
That pierces the startled ear?  
Who treads yon gloomy chamber alone  
Like an angel pass'd from her sphere?

'Tis Dudley's young and beauteous bride,  
'Tis Robsart's darling child;  
She for whom countless suitors sigh'd,  
Accomplish'd, brave, and mild.



'Tis Amy!—blush, unmanly pride,  
By whom she was beguil'd;  
Thou won'st the flow'r in a luckless hour,  
Then flung it to waste on the wild.

But never shall so fair a form  
Rise on thy raptur'd sight;  
Nor other charms thy spirit warm  
With such unmix'd delight.

Hark! hark! again that piercing strain,  
How mournfully it flows;  
Those sobs betray heart-rending pain,  
That 'plaint consuming woes.

“ The false one swore that I was fair,”  
She cries, “ As the forms of the sky,  
“ Priz'd in his heart 'bove the life-stream there,  
“ And dearer than light to his eye.

“ Yet hath left me here in prison drear,  
“ To live unknown, unseen,  
“ While he goes forth to the hall of mirth,  
“ Attendant on the Queen.

“ Yet well he knows how I was lov'd,  
“ And honour'd with respect;  
“ But short the joys with him I prov'd,  
“ Ere yielded to neglect.

“ Hath not our vow been pledg’d and seal’d ?

“ Our marriage ratified ?

“ Then wherefore is the fact conceal’d

“ That I am Dudley’s bride ?

“ His stately palace decks the plain,

“ Its spacious courts are fair ;

“ Then why am I not thither ta’en,

“ And made the mistress there.

“ O I have lov’d him, and still shall love,

“ While life with me remains ;

“ Then wherefore charge me not to move

“ From these obscure domains ?

“ And why bid graceless ruffians rude

“ Watch over my privacy ?

“ Unmanner’d slaves on my rest intrude

“ With bold undaunted eye.

“ O Dudley, now I see thine aim—

“ My brain is all on fire !

“ Although I am thy wedded dame,

“ Thou would’st to the Queen aspire.

“ Proud lord, in vain, thou shalt never obtain

“ The end so fondly sought ;

“ Thy days may pass in care and pain,

“ But such honours await thee not.

“ O what’s the court where beauties rove,  
“ In gorgeous trappings drest,  
“ Compar’d to the peaceful home of love,  
“ With the sunshine of the breast !

“ My heart ere long had sunk with wrong—  
“ Full fast it waxes chill ;  
“ But I see by yon band what deed is plann’d—  
“ I dread the assassin’s steel !

“ Where are the joys in youth’s fair tide  
“ Blithe fancy promis’d me ?  
“ Crush’d in the bud, their rains ride  
“ On sorrow’s troubled sea.

“ Ah ! cruel Varney ! away ! begone !  
“ Nor frown in angry mood ;  
“ Think what for murder may atone !  
“ Think what is the price of blood !

“ Nor stain your soul !”—She said—he sprung,  
And strangled the Lady fair ;  
Then down yon steps her form he flung,  
As she had tumbled there.

No coroner sat, yet her body was let  
Deep into the hollow’d ground ;  
And the neighbours mutter’d, when they met,  
Their dark suspicions round.

And since that night the lady's sprite  
Hath been full often seen ;  
The rustic shows the pond whence it rose,  
All mantled o'er with green.

And since that time no habitant ,  
Hath long in the Hall remain'd ;  
'Twas the scene of blood ! 'tis the spectre's abode !  
Strange voices have there complain'd.

And vengeance rests upon the place—  
He hath made the whole his spoil,  
Till the pilgrim can no longer trace  
The form of the ancient pile.

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### **The Hunt of Ottmoor.**

BRIGHT breaks the morn, loud rings the horn  
O'er echoing steep and hollow ;  
The wild stag springs as if on wings,  
And fleet the staunch hounds follow.

And there's Sir Robert and Sir Hugh,  
Sir Philip and Sir John,  
And Will, a huntsman keen and true  
As e'er led stag-hound on.

And round and round the hills they bound,  
And o'er the plashy meer;  
Their steeds scarce seem to touch the ground,  
Fast following in the rear.

And there's Sir Roger of the heights,  
That owns yon castled dwelling,  
Surrounded by the gallant Knights,  
Who court his daughter Helen.

Sir John is young and nobly sprung  
Of ancient pedigree;  
Sir Philip's grave and stout and brave,  
Sir Hugh both frank and free.

But Robert is the blithest Knight,  
His passion's fraught with fervour,  
His tales the gentle maid delight—  
He studies to deserve her.

And well she loves and much approves  
The ever gallant youth,  
And often roves through meads and groves  
To hear him plight his truth.

But old Sir Roger can't perceive  
In all their claims a difference;  
And he will not consent to give  
To either Knight the preference,

Until by hunting on the heath  
Their skill and strength are tried ;  
Then he that's foremost at the death  
May claim the maid as bride.

Bright shines the morn, loud rings the horn,  
O'er echoing steep and hollow ;  
The wild stag springs as if on wings,  
And fleet the staunch hounds follow.

And in her chamber, sad and lone,  
Poor Helen sits and sighs,  
And fears by one she shall be won  
Whom she can never prize.

Strange shouts from far assail her ear !  
She springs up to the casement,  
And sees the sportive band draw near,  
With terror and amazement.

For lo ! Sir John is in the van,  
Sir Robert in the rear !  
The jaded stag begins to flag,  
A sign his death is near.

" Nurse, bring the vial as I command—  
" And now a little leave me :—  
" I'll die ere yield to John my hand,  
" Nor slave nor sire shall save me."—

" Stay, lady—stay ! let rage give way,  
" Sir Robert's gaining ground !  
" Sir John from off his steed is thrown,  
" And mark'd with many a wound."—

" But Nurse, Sir Philip leads the chase,  
" His arms shall ne'er enfold me ;  
" Rather than yield to their embrace,  
" The cold damp grave shall hold me,

" So pour the drug."—" Nay lady, stay,  
" Sir Philip's steed is spent !  
" He cannot bound o'er yonder mound !  
" How curst he deems th' event."—

" But what avails all this, O Nurse ?  
" Sir Hugh is foremost fairly,  
" And though Sir Robert holds the course,  
" He'll fail ere long I fear me.

" And see their flight leads o'er yon height,  
" My eyes no more discern them ;  
" Dark sudden thoughts my soul affright—  
" O heav'n all safe return them.

" Hark ! heard ye not that piercing shout ?  
" 'Tis o'er, good Nurse—'tis o'er !  
" The chase is done ! the prize is won !  
" And I must aye deplore."

She said, and fainting sunk to ground—  
The Nurse bent fearful over her ;  
And many a tried expedient plied,  
To waken and recover her.—

Slowly she wakes, her stupor breaks,  
Her cheeks resume their charms ;  
And lo ! a Knight bursts on her sight,  
And clasps her in his arms.

“ The chase is done ! the prize is won !  
“ This day shall be our bridal”—  
“ Robert !” she cries, “ well hast thou done,  
“ My fears were vain and idle.”—

Now slow each unsuccessful Knight  
At Roger’s court arrives ;—  
The priest performs the sacred rite,  
The sire his blessing gives.

Joy smiles on all through ev’ry spot  
Of Roger’s castled dwelling ;  
And happiness at length’s the lot  
Of Robert and of Helen.



**The Witham Miller.**

WHERE Hinksey stands on Isis stream,  
Remote from idle glare,  
A maiden dwelt nam'd Margaret,  
Of form and feature fair.

Full eighteen springs had o'er her pass'd,  
And crown'd her as they flew;  
Her parents lov'd her as their lives,  
And fond and fonder grew.

The village swains would often look  
As Margaret pass'd by,  
And oft the timid suit prefer,  
Which she would still deny.

The Oxford student as at morn  
He o'er the ferry cross'd,  
Would gaze on her till all his soul  
In tenderness was lost.

In vain the swains and scholars woo'd,  
She bade them all depart;  
But soon a sprightly Miller came  
And stole away her heart.

This gallant youth at Witham liv'd,  
And ever as he wrought  
The lov'd and loving Margaret  
Was foremost in his thought.

With her he often trac'd the vale  
In love's inspiring mood;  
Climb'd up the hill, wound o'er the heath,  
And pierc'd the pathless wood.

She thought no ill, she fear'd no guile—  
Her virtue he assail'd:  
The tempter plied each specious wile,  
And o'er her soon prevail'd.

O then poor Margaret was left  
To wander forth alone,  
Unheard to breathe the heavy sigh,  
And heave the rending groan.

The story of her piteous case  
Full soon her mother heard,  
And quickly in her child's behalf  
To Witham she repair'd.

And begg'd the Miller honourably  
To calm her bosom's strife,  
And in the face of God and man  
Make Margaret his wife.

The guilty churl first promised,  
Then artfully demurr'd—  
Now eager nam'd the nuptial day,  
And now the day deferr'd.

Meanwhile he waited, watch'd, contriv'd  
His Margaret to meet,  
And fix'd upon a desperate plan  
Her ruin to complete.

He found her at her sister's cot,  
And begg'd that she would stray  
With him to settle some affairs,  
And fix the wedding day.

She wept consent—and forth they stroll'd  
To a sequester'd place,  
Where soon he seiz'd upon a stake  
And struck her in the face.

She knelt and pray'd—he struck again—  
She pour'd her dying breath—  
He plung'd her corse into the stream,  
And saw it sink beneath.

Then quickly to the Mill he flew,  
Confus'd and trembling sore ;  
His man beheld his haggard looks,  
And garments stain'd with gore.

Quick search for Margaret was made,  
But she could not be found ;  
Suspicion on the churl then fell,  
And he in gaol was bound.

And ere the dread Assize came on,  
Her corse all bruised o'er,  
Was floating in the river found,  
Before her father's door.

Her sister and the Miller's man  
As witnesses appear'd—  
His guilt was prov'd—his sentence pass'd—  
A shameful death he shar'd.

' And oft on winter's lonesome eves  
The village maid shall hear  
The mournful tale of Margaret,  
And drop for her a tear.

And traitors bent on murd'rous deeds  
In secrecy and gloom,  
Shall learn the Miller's awful fate,  
And dread the Miller's doom.

**The Devil and the Doctor.**

" Cum arsit civica phrenesis,  
 " Pacis hominibus pertæsis;  
 " Nec cuiquam nota fuit causa,  
 " Tam dira quæ produxit ausa;  
 " Cum tristes iræ, et furores,  
 " Multum elicerent cruoris;  
 " Et, velut qui sunt mente capti,  
 " Præ mero ire parum apti;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " Tunc ivit foras noster Heros."

*Poeta recens.*

'TWAS at that time when feuds ran high,  
 And politicians rais'd a cry  
 About the sacred British throne,  
 And who had right to wear the crown:  
 When parties call'd each other names,  
 This roar'd for George—that rav'd for James,  
 A college tutor, grave and learned  
 Who all the line of Stuart spurned;  
 Strictly adhered to modern laws,  
 And much contemn'd "the good old cause."  
 If any of his pupils err'd,  
 Or to the "Prince" their love averr'd,  
 He task'd them till he made them feel  
 Th' effects of such intemperate zeal:  
 Some wags compell'd, yet griev'd t' obey him,  
 Resolv'd a vengeful trick to play him;

They knew—his college duties done,  
He daily rode to Abingdon,  
Where an enchanting damsel dwelt,  
Who liberally *love's arrows* dealt.  
If sage Diogenes oft found  
His cynic principles unsound,  
And Lais could o'er him prevail  
Why should the Doctor prove less frail?  
O wicked wights! to form their plot  
A meagre half-starv'd ape they got,  
Which lately had escap'd his den  
And scour'd the woods for food in vain;  
A doughty wit, with heart of glee,  
Fast climb'd with jaco up a tree:  
There tittering sat, on mischief bent,  
With many near to mark th' event.  
Not long they wait—the evening glooms,  
And homeward slow the Doctor comes;  
But ill at ease for conscience' throes  
Full sharply in his bosom rose,  
The shade descends—his fears grow strong,  
He ponders much on right and wrong,  
And mends his pace—the monkey squalls,  
And plump upon the crupper falls;—  
The charger starts! the Doctor turns,  
And jaco at his back discerns;  
His fears suggest the worst of evil,  
He feels convinc'd it is the devil!

He whips and spurs his startled steed,  
That trembling rushes into speed;  
Away—away—they fly like wind,  
Leave hat, and wig, and cloak behind;  
On brake and thorn, mid bush and brier—  
O'er gap and ditch—through bog and mire;  
As hurries on th' affrighted deer  
When murd'rous hounds are yelping near;  
So sped the sleek swift-footed hack,  
The sage and monkey on his back;  
They would have thought who view'd the sight,  
That horse a shade—that man a sprite;—  
That monkey, a malicious fiend,  
So close he hugg'd, so grimly grinn'd:  
The Doctor from his seat was shook,  
And round the neck his steed he took,  
When jaco still more forward sprung,  
And to his shoulders closer clung.  
On—onward bounds th' impetuous beast,  
With eye of fire and foot of hastes,  
The wood he 'scapes, the hill he scales,  
And darts like lightning down the dales;  
Rude thorns have pierc'd the sage's brow,  
Thence purple currents copious flow;  
His vest with mud is cover'd o'er,  
His charger champs the foaming gore:  
The monkey screams—the Doctor yells—  
The din is borne through winding dells,

Where thousand babbling echoes wake,  
That send the strains in thunder back ;  
He thinks he skims the Stygian shore,  
And hears the damned legions roar ;  
And thus he enters Hinksey, where  
Th' alarmed rustics gape and stare—  
Press forward fast to mark the sight,  
'Twixt wonder, fear, and wild delight.  
O there are peals of laughter swelling,  
With shrieks and shouts from every dwelling :  
The grating hinge is turn'd by Boreas,  
While geese and pigs bear noisy chorus ;  
The flocks and herds are all in motion—  
'Tis uproar wild and mad commotion !—  
Now jaco finds his long-lost host,\*  
And gladly quits his dangerous post.  
Some food upon the table spies,  
And eagerly his want supplies.  
The Doctor misses not poor pug,  
But thinks he feels the horrid hug ;  
His heart with tenfold terror leaps,  
As through the lane his charger sweeps ;  
Glad to be quit of half his load  
He quickly gains the public road :  
Fresh shouts come rolling on the wind  
From mastiffs, curs, and hounds behind ;

\* The monkey had been kept some time at a public-house in Hinksey.



The uproar waxes louder still,  
It sounds like Pluto's music shrill  
In the sad Doctor's ears, who feels  
As thousand fiends were at his heels.  
At length he kens his college wall,  
But deems it Pandemonium hall;  
His charger halts beneath his shed—  
His friends convey the sage to bed:  
'Tis wonder, doubt, amazement, fear,  
Through all the country far and near;  
Enquiry's prest, but prest in vain,  
For no one dares the fact explain.

Th' adventure had th' effect design'd,  
The Doctor grew both mild and kind;  
He'd sin no more, in saintish guise,  
But prov'd as good as learn'd and wise.

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### *Luce.*

WHERE Oxford rears in classic pride  
Her ample domes and stately towers,  
'Mid vales where Cherwell pours his tide  
Through emerald meads and purple bowers;

There dwelt a maid—O deem not thou  
Her form was cast in common mould;  
Honour was seated on her brow,  
Love laugh'd within her locks of gold.

The orient beam illum'd her eye,  
Her cheek had stol'n the blush of morn;  
Her lip display'd the ruby's dye,  
Her neck surpass'd the blossom'd thorn.

Go search thou east—go search thou west,  
Search from the pole to southern line,  
Yet never shall thy fond eye rest  
Upon a figure so divine!

'Twas not a stately solemn gait,  
'Twas not a form in silk attir'd,  
That made all eyes upon her wait,  
And every heart with love inspir'd.

No—'twas a modest, nameless charm,  
The constant inmate of her breast,  
Which shew'd a heart with feeling warm,  
And all her purity express'd.

Yet was this maid of low degree—  
Her sire nor wealth nor titles own'd;  
But honour and integrity  
Were in his generous soul enthron'd:

And he on Lucy had bestow'd  
All, all that could adorn her mind;  
And soon her ductile spirit shew'd  
'Twas well receiv'd as well design'd.

And she was good as she was fair,  
With every milder virtue blest ;  
The seeds kind nature planted there  
Had ripen'd in her youthful breast.

A son of Alma Mater saw,  
He saw and much the maid admir'd ;  
His spirit own'd great nature's law,  
And love his youthful breast inspir'd.

O Lucy then was all his thought ;  
For Lucy, Lucy, still he sigh'd ;  
For her the humble dwelling sought  
Her jealous father occupied.

Then many a specious scheme was laid  
To 'scape the parent's watchful eye ;  
And oft he met his lovely maid  
In silence and in secrecy.

His youthful heart with passion burn'd,  
He press'd his suit—'twas not declin'd ;  
The artless nymph his love return'd,  
And soon the priest their hands combin'd.

But secret was the solemn rite,  
'Twas not as solemn rite should be ;  
For well they knew the worldling's spite,  
The difference in their pedigree ;

And deem'd it better to conceal  
Their blissful union for awhile,  
Till prudence might the fact reveal,  
Secure of fortune's favouring smile.

Vacation came—the youth went hence,  
And left his bride of beauty rare ;  
Then what her care could recompence ?  
She droop'd in loneliness and despair.

He trod his father's courts again,  
And join'd the train of revelry ;  
Her image faded from his brain,  
And other forms engag'd his eye.

A noble bade him grace his hall,  
And join the high-born festive throng ;  
He smil'd the gayest at the ball,  
And led the brightest fair along.

The youth was by attention cheer'd,  
Ambition all his breast inspir'd ;  
He saw his road to honour clear'd,  
And to the lofty seat aspir'd.

The noble's daughter on him smil'd,  
His fickle heart the nymph had won ;  
His merit had her parents guil'd,  
They long'd to hail and call him son.

Distinction now was all his aim,  
Renown at distance he foresaw. \* \* \* \*  
The noble's child's—a *wedded Dame!*  
And he—a *Culprit to the Law!*

To hide his crime what must be done?—  
The youth is fled without his train;  
And no one knows where he is gone—  
He'll soon rejoin his bride again.

But why beside that rural WALK  
That boasts the name DIVINITY,  
Does yon disguised figure stalk  
Beneath the pale moon's glimmering eye?

And why is that lone grave prepar'd,  
Prepar'd in such unhallow'd place?  
Nought in its womb can e'er be laid,  
Save the dull brute of vilest race.

But soft—two figures tread the walk,  
And steal like spectres light along,  
Deeply engag'd in whisper'd talk,  
As life and death were on each tongue.

Why do they stop?—and why embrace  
Beside that pit so deep and bare?—  
By the pale moon I see a face  
Brighter than beauty's daughters wear.

The shade prevails—hark!—rings a blow!  
'Tis follow'd by a piercing tone!  
That shriek bespeaks the depth of woe!  
There's death in that heart-rending groan!

The beam returns—'tis still and clear!  
Scarce does the light-hung foliage wave!  
The landscape glows!—there's no one there!  
But green turf clothes the recent grave!

O God! O God! can turf or gloom  
Hide the foul deed of death from thee?  
Can the arch traitor 'scape his doom?  
The murderer from thy presence flee?

No!—Dawn awakes, and Lucy's sire  
Commands her from her chamber down;  
Why comes she not?—away—inquire:  
Ah! Lucy from her chamber's flown!

He searches high, he searches low,  
For her the pain of travel bears;  
Meanwhile his eyes with tears o'erflow,  
His heart is rent with bitter cares.—

'Tis morn—the bridegroom's with the bride!  
He prompt and ably pleads excuse;  
She cannot long her rover chide,  
But bids him not her love abuse.

"Come, come!" she cries, "thy fault's forgiven—

"Its purpose candidly avow;"

He turns his tranced eyes to heaven,

Dark horrors gather o'er his brow.

"What! it offends thee?—let's immerse

"Its memory in forgetfulness;

"With all that may that bosom pierce,

"And chill thy love or mar thy peace."

But ah!—the scenes of that sad night

Would never from his mind decay;

They rose to blast his mental sight

In deepest gloom and brightest day.

And though his active, high career,

Was crown'd with honour's fairest wreath;

Yet was he doom'd remorse to bear,

And fiends exulted at his death.

And where poor Lucy's corse was laid,

'Tis said a ghost is known to stalk;

Till college beau and city maid

Have flown their wonted favourite walk.

**Lucomus.**

When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants  
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top  
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Timon of Athens.*

Alack 'tis he; why he was met even now  
 As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud,  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* What can man's wisdom do  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?

*King Lear.*

PRIDE of his parents, of their hopes the stay,  
 Lucomus gaily pass'd his youth away—  
 Yet nor in idleness nor loose delight  
 Sped time with him—improvement mark'd its flight.  
 Early his soul the love of glory caught—  
 Early his mind with sterling lore was fraught;  
 For him sage art unfolded her designs,  
 And science led him to her secret mines:  
 His neighbouring peers in fortune and in birth  
 Silent acknowledg'd his superior worth;  
 The old his prudence and his taste approv'd;  
 The fair his person lik'd—his manners lov'd.  
 Far o'er the world awhile 'twas his to roam,  
 Then grace with mental charms his native home:



At length his sire deceas'd, and he became  
Possess'd of all the fondest wish could claim;—  
He felt his loss—his own importance felt,  
And found a dwelling where his father dwelt.

Not that he lov'd retirement there he lives  
But for advantages retirement gives ;  
For light mid shades the meteor's lonely fire,  
All mark its path and all its charms admire ;  
And yet innumerable stars may stud the sky,  
And not a gem can fix the gazer's eye :—  
So 'tis in life—the genius roves in town,  
And shares with others his hard-earn'd renown ;—  
Dismiss him thence, he moves the glades among  
Point of all sight, and theme of every tongue.

His house was spacious, and the neighbours there  
Saw the first products of the rising year ;  
Rich was his furniture and quaintly grac'd,  
And e'en his menials had a share of taste ;  
With books he pass'd the morning, and at eve  
Would visits pay or friendly groups receive :  
From him their notions all the neighbours took,  
Each guest by his would regulate his look.  
Thus courted, honour'd, fear'd, admir'd, and lov'd,  
The joys of life, without its cares, he prov'd,  
Till borne in thought above the mortal state,  
He deem'd his bliss beyond the reach of fate.—

*But man's not made for happiness.* Disease  
Will on the healthiest, most accomplish'd seize,  
And pierce his vitals—this Lucomus found,  
And mourn'd in spirit o'er a mental wound:  
Long secretly he griev'd, nor fail'd to try  
The boasted skill of all the faculty;  
Long, long he griev'd—fresh troubles claim'd fresh cares,  
Till disarray pervaded his affairs;  
Meanwhile his friends had one by one withdrawn—  
His nurse forsook him, and his drudge was gone!  
Then what remain'd for him? They sold his lands  
To satisfy the leech's stern demands;  
Then burst the chord that bound his spirit—then  
He grew insensible to every pain—  
His intellect resign'd its ruling pow'r,  
And hope forsook him at that awful hour;  
Crest-fall'n he sank beneath th' afflictive blow,  
And, “but at times,” appear'd his state to know.  
They bore him to confinement, where he found  
Pain on his mat and misery around:  
Cries, shrieks, yells, and groanings of despair  
From those who once were men resounded there;  
With leeches, careless how their labours sped,  
And nurses wishing every patient dead.

Long was he doom'd these horrors to endure—  
But when his keepers found no hope of cure,

And prov'd him harmless, they return'd him home  
Amongst his native meads and fields to roam.  
He pass'd his early dwelling—His no more—  
And heard it echo to the wassail roar  
Of strange possessors—thence he sped away  
O'er the gay fields he lately own'd to stray,  
Through paddock, shrubbery, and meadow fair,  
But found too soon, alas! he trespass'd there.  
The parish furnish'd him with board and bed,  
Coarse rags to clothe him, and a shatter'd shed.

Now mark! the maniac quits his cheerless nook  
And wanders lonely by the weedy brook—  
There culls the flags, and rushes to compose  
A verdant chaplet for his faded brows;  
Now pleas'd he seems and eager bends to pick  
For staff and sceptre an unpolish'd stick;  
Then toward the church-yard winds his well-known way,  
Charm'd with false splendour and ideal sway:  
There on some mould'ring tomb, in moody fit,  
Behold the melancholy monarch sit!  
He summons forth his subjects from their bed,  
And thinks he rules the spirits of the dead;  
Converses freely in familiar tone  
And calls the grave-strewn region all his own.  
At length he deems some phantoms disobey  
His sov'reign mandate, and dispute his away—

Fir'd at th' imagin'd wrong, his eyeballs glow  
At foes turn'd fiends, who threat his overthrow ;  
Enrag'd awhile he deals the harmless stroke,  
Frequent and fierce—but now the charm is broke—  
Reason returns, he wrings his hands with pain,  
And slow and shuddering seeks his mat again.

And such is man ! come, proud one, come and see  
What man has been, and what thou yet may'st be ;  
Important lesson ! learn thyself to know  
What to the world, and what to God you owe.  
Dost sigh for wealth ? to honour would'st thou soar ?  
Dost crave possessions ? would'st thou covet pow'r ?  
Child of the dust be humble and be wise,  
Disease assails thee and thy glory dies !  
Victim of fate—of circumstance the slave—  
Thy only sure inheritance—a grave.

---

### **The Skeleton Ghost.**

WILL Wareham was a wicked wight  
As e'er set net or springe by night,  
Or fix'd a line, or baited hook,  
Or broods from pond or aviary took ;  
Was there a mob, a wake, a fair,  
Be sure that wicked Will was there,

With face of fun, and heart of glee,  
And limbs of blithe activity :  
So dext'rously he plied his fists,  
They call'd him first of pugilists :  
In wrestling he such tricks essay'd—  
At foot-ball and at backword play'd  
With such address, that few durst hope  
With Will in skill or strength to cope.

It happen'd on an autumn eve,  
What time the flocks their pastures leave ;  
The village feast, a week or more,  
Had ceas'd, with revelry and roar,  
When gaming, gormandizing, swilling,  
Had left poor Will without a shilling ;  
And hunger—an imperious dun—  
Her suit had in his maw begun.  
She made his empty bowels roar,  
And pinch'd and tore, and wrung them sore.  
Unlike the monarch of the east,  
He could not on the herbage feast.  
Right sorry was he thus to teaze her,  
But wanted still the means t' appease her.

Some curious youths who near him sat,  
Deeply engag'd in learned chat  
Concerning Doctor Blood-and-Bone,  
Desir'd a human skeleton !

For this said one six crowns I'll pay,  
Bring me the prize whoever may !  
Will joyfully the speaker ey'd,  
Then begg'd awhile he'd step aside,  
And said the object might be found,  
And all his wishes should be crown'd ;  
Reveal'd his plan—the youth approv'd,  
And soon Will's hunger was remov'd ;  
On piles of beef and floods of ale  
He made a hearty evening meal !  
Well has the Roman Bard express'd  
*Magister artis venter est.*

At length the shades of night are spread,  
And all the village gone to bed.  
The Squire and Host are sunk in sleep,  
The hinds a nasal concert keep ;  
The Doctors dream of nauseous scents,  
Of muscles—bones—experiments ;  
While Will his utmost courage rallies,  
And out upon th' adventure sallies :  
The ale is reeking in his head,  
His path is difficult to tread :  
Deep are the shades—rude storms arise,  
And rush tremendous through the skies ;  
Their voice the echoes are rebounding,  
He thinks the very fiends are round him.  
At length he finds the wish'd-for spot,  
Where rests the prize so fondly sought—

A lone church-yard, where rank weeds wave  
O'er many an old and recent grave.  
Now timidly he plies his spade,  
And at each thrust grows more afraid.  
His fancy paints each pail and post  
A goblin grim or ghastly ghost !  
The blast through heav'n yet louder sweeps—  
His cold blood through each channel creeps ;  
The church-gate swinging harshly creaks—  
He deems a vengeful spirit shrieks !  
And drops his implements in pain,  
And starting flies with might and main ;  
Now o'er the sharp-edg'd tomb-stones falling—  
Now on the rais'd heaps rudely sprawling :  
Full many a bruise his frame receives ;  
Yet to their smart small heed he gives,  
But presses home, and softly creeps  
Straight to his bed, and slightly sleeps :  
For fumes of ale yet fill his brain,  
And o'er his uncurb'd fancy reign ;  
While Morpheus waves his witching wand,  
And visions throng at his command.  
Up starts before his mental eyes  
A skeleton of giant size !  
Upbraids him for his base design,  
And threatens him with rage malign ;  
Seizes his arm, and shakes him soundly—  
Pinches his side, and rates him roundly—

Kneels on his breast, and grins and mutters,  
And words of dreadful import utters ;  
Grapples to find his vital part out,  
And seems as he would tear his heart out !  
Belabours fiercely back and belly,  
Till Will, “ distill’d almost to jelly,”  
Wakes groaning with excess of pain,  
A tortur’d heart and burning brain.  
First round the room he looks with care,  
But sees nor ghost nor goblin there !  
Then of his wounds he takes a view,  
And finds his bruises black and blue ;  
Forgets the falls of overnight,  
And deems them giv’n him by the sprite !  
Resolves henceforth his crimes to close,  
And let the dead enjoy repose.

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### Mary.

O ’TWAS a pleasant holiday,  
The aged and the young  
Felt blithesome hearts and spirits gay,  
And pour’d their joys in song.

Her freshest carpet nature spread, .  
All prank’d with flowrets fair ;  
Sport on the green his feats display’d,  
And all was pleasure there.



The HORSES flew with winged speed,  
Which match'd the lightning's pace ;  
And pleas'd spectators all agreed  
Was ne'er a fleetier RACE.

The fruit was strewn on many a stall,  
While jest and laugh went round ;  
From wicket sped the bounding ball,  
The coit rang on the ground.

O 'twas a pleasant holiday,  
And when the games were o'er,  
In jocund band we took our way,  
And slowly heav'd from shore.

Was nought but mirth within the boat,  
Was nought but joy around ;  
Health seem'd along the waves to float,  
Sport o'er the landscape bound.

We pass'd the goblet merrily,  
And drank to Mary fast ;  
For Mary was a bride to be  
Before the week was past.

O 'twas a pleasant holiday—  
Throughout the calm clear sky  
No cloud obscur'd the setting ray,  
No blight stole withering by.

The heifer in the flow'ry mead  
Gambol'd in blithesome mood ;  
The wanton colt rush'd into speed,  
Then still and panting stood ;

While dancing gnats humm'd o'er the stream,  
Whence sportive fishes leapt ;  
The swallow circling o'er its brim,  
Like forked arrow swept.

And Mary in the steerage stay'd,  
To view the varying scene ;  
While every charm that round her play'd  
Seem'd pictur'd in her mien.

She lov'd to mark the skirts of day  
Float down the dark'ning west ;  
The meteor's glare—the shot-star's ray—  
The curfew's call to rest.

Absorb'd with these, she little thought  
A tempest brooding near ;  
When lo ! the sky became one blot,  
And died each breath of air !

The lightning's gleam ran down the stream,  
Then vanish'd from the sight ;  
Now heav'n's whole cope was wrapt in flame,  
Now lost in tenfold night.

Leapt the live thunder through the sky,  
And shook the hills around;  
It seem'd as heav'n's artillery  
Were bursting in the sound!

Then close we crept, and closer still  
Within the crowded boat;  
And eager strove with might and skill  
To keep the tempest out.

But Mary yet felt no dismay,  
And unperceiv'd she stole  
To mark the scene that round her lay,  
And list the tempest's howl.

O luckless step!—the fiery flash  
Fell on her fairy form,  
And plung'd it deep—the fatal plash  
Was lost amid the storm.

For louder volleys burst above,  
The red bolt fiercer hiss'd;  
Each to secure the vessel strove,  
And Mary was not miss'd.

But when the storm had wander'd by,  
And calmer hours came on,  
Then "Mary! Mary!" was the cry,  
But Mary thence was gone.

Ye who have lost a child belov'd,  
A promis'd bride, declare  
What soul-distracting pangs ye prov'd,  
Inflicted by despair.

Days pass'd—at length her corse was found  
Beneath the weltering wave;  
With none but friends and lovers round,  
We laid her in the grave.

Yon simple stone stands at the head  
Of Mary's fading form;  
The cold damp grave her bridal bed!  
Her spouse—the loathsome worm!

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### Nuneham Fete.

BLITHE rose the morning, bright the sun arose,  
And summon'd nature from her short repose.  
'Twas summer, and the gale that robb'd each bloom,  
Shook his soft wings, and scatter'd sweet perfume.  
To thy pure stream, fair Isis, came along,  
By pleasure bidden, many a merry throng,  
With aspect smiling, and with spirits gay,  
To celebrate their Prince's natal day.  
Not long the vessels on the waters wait,  
For soon each boat receives its precious freight;

Cits of all ranks, and comely dames are there,  
And many a youth, and many a maiden fair.  
And now we leave great Oxford's classic towers,  
Her gorgeous fanes, and academic bowers;  
Around us smiles the prospect stretching wide,  
Where golden Ceres reigns in all her pride;  
Above, the skies with brightest colours glow—  
Serenely glides the tranquil stream below;  
Whose heaving breast—that couch which zephyrs curl—  
Appears a bed of living lustrous pearl.  
Mark what bright crowds surround the pleasant marge—  
Swift glides the wherry, slowly moves the barge;  
There mirth the aid of music seems to crave,  
While bending rowers brush the limpid wave;  
Impatience paints each cheek, and gilds each brow;  
Fresh objects rising break upon the view—  
Towers, villas, lawns, the meadow, and the wood;  
Hills, hamlets, towns, the valley, and the flood.  
At length the Park's delightful bounds we gain,  
And there alight a num'rous, happy train;  
On nature's carpet cheerfully recline,  
And charm'd with melody, carouse and dine.  
The light repast soon finish'd, 'midst the throng  
Some weave the dance, and some the choral song:  
The grandsire shakes away his age and cares—  
The grandame smiles, the matron gay appears;  
And many a youth, elate with manly pride,  
In triumph leads the nymph, his destin'd bride;

While, fresh as dew-drops from the womb of morn,  
Here pleasure sparkles, and delight is born :  
One spirit of content each breast pervades,  
And nature smiles through all her silvan glades.  
To mark such numbers by enjoyment blest,  
Might melt with sympathy a marble breast !  
But lo ! what pile\* on yonder hill appears,  
Of ancient form, yet unimpair'd by years ?  
Smit with its charms, and buoy'd by hopes sublime,  
To this successive groups essay to climb ;  
But smooth the path, and hard the height to gain,  
Hence wild adventurers topple to the plain—  
Rolling and tumbling o'er the turf they go,  
And furnish merriment for crowds below.  
Thus towards the Temple of immortal Fame,  
Press thousands daily, her regard to claim,  
But ere the blessing is attain'd they fall,  
And blank oblivion shades them with her pall.

Now look beneath, and there you may descry  
Joy in the bosom of security.  
What brilliant crowds the valley promenade,  
Stroll by the stream, or seek the woodland shade ;

\* Carfax Conduit. This beautiful edifice once stood at the east end of St. Martin's Church, in the city of Oxford ; but it was taken down in the year 1787, in order to widen the road ; and presented to the late Earl of Harcourt by the University.

There comfort seems her votaries to lead,  
And pleasure bounds with lighter, quicker tread :  
Thus in the world—the sons of humble state  
Dread not the dangers that surround the great.  
But mark ! at length the bright and glorious sun  
Hath near his wonted daily circuit run ;  
Seated again, the cheerful groups we see,  
In circles form'd to sip their social tea ;  
Meantime pass round the sportive wile and jest,  
And all is sunshine in each placid breast :  
Nought soils the soul, no sorrows rise from hence,  
For here gay mirth is leagu'd with innocence.  
But look, 'tis eve—the parting hour is come—  
The rowers wait—the boats all point to home.  
Pleas'd, we retrace our passage up the stream,  
Cheer'd by the light of Luna's lovely beam ;  
And long remembrance o'er this day shall brood,  
In busiest haunts and scenes of solitude ;  
And those who pleasure's spirit would recal  
Will often think on Nuneham Festival.

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### *The Fall of Mercury.*

HEARD ye the splash amid the startled wave?  
Heard ye the echo yon quadrangle gave?  
High on a rock, which swells above the flood,  
Proud of his might the Son of Maia stood ;

With head uprais'd, and heaven-directed eye,  
Scorning the earth to mingle with the sky—  
Firm on his brows his Petasus he wore,  
His hand, outstretch'd, sublime Caduceus bore !  
To life each breathing fibre seem'd to start,  
Grace all his mien, immortal every part ;  
Peerless he seem'd, for heav'n's bright conclave fit,  
Floating in air, the leaden God of Wit ;—  
To storms expos'd, but not by storms o'ercome,  
The pride of Christ Church, and the boast of Tom !

No sluggish current circled round his frame ;  
That dark cheek glow'd with no terrestrial flame ;—  
Those limbs so phiant, and that eye so keen,  
Deceiv'd dread Argos, 'guil'd the Paphian Queen,  
Led him to bear Vulcanian tools away,  
And Neptune's trident from his car convey.

Unrivall'd artist, where didst thou resort ?  
In vision led to Jove's imperial court ?  
There sure thou saw'st that form of heav'nly birth,  
Caught his profile, and brought it down to earth.  
Hence anxious strangers crowded yonder shore,  
To gaze in silence, wonder, and adore ;  
There learnt with awe that hallow'd green to tread,  
And shudd'ring bow'd before the work of lead.

Yet on that form, to more than rapture rais'd,  
In wild'ring trance the maid of Oxford gaz'd ;



'Tis said that here, amid the moonlight sheen,  
In lovesick dream the scullion oft was seen,  
Fix'd to the spot, though clad in loose array,  
Wishing and gazing all her soul away.  
One ev'ning, more propitious than the past,  
She thought the God a smile of favour cast,  
And buoy'd by hope, and flush'd with am'rous heat,  
Forgetful of the tides that lav'd her feet,  
She rush'd, but paus'd—the God was seen to move,  
Eager to meet his culinary love;  
And as in vain to clasp the fair he tried,  
Made a false step, and—fell into the tide.

**MISCELLANEOUS TALES**

**AND**

**Paraphrases.**



## TALES AND PARAPHRASES.

---

### Isabel and Lorenzo.

WHERE proud Messina greets the gladden'd view,  
To sudden wealth two brother merchants grew;  
Their father dying, left them all his store,  
And one fair gem worth worlds of richest ore—  
A youthful daughter—shapely, beauteous, gay,  
About whose mien a thousand graces play!  
Her coral lips are with ambrosia spread,  
Dark flowing locks adorn her graceful head;  
Health's roseate blushes glow upon her cheek,  
Impurpling currents grain her marble neck!  
Her downy bosom, like the heaving main,  
Rises and falls, then swells and sinks again;  
Bright lambent glories stream from either eye—  
Her action's ease—her voice is melody!  
Thus form'd for Hymen's bliss, she must remain  
Single, and sigh for nuptial joys in vain—  
Her brothers still delaying to provide  
A match, and make fair Isabel a bride!

How oft the high-born nymph is doom'd to see  
Transcendent beauty in a low degree;  
And beauty, once discern'd by eyes of love,  
What shining merits next the form improve.

A comely youth these prosperous brothers hir'd  
T' officiate as their growing trade requir'd;  
From distant Arno's flowry banks he came  
In luckless hour—Lorenzo was his name:  
His winning manners, mild yet manly air,  
Perfect proportion and rich auburn hair,  
Caught Isabel's regard, who joy'd to find  
A thousand graces in that form enshrin'd;  
Then tenderer passions seem'd her heart to move,  
And soon she fell the willing prey of love;  
Which fast increasing, fill'd her youthful breast,  
And stole her bloom, and broke her wonted rest.  
The youth grew conscious, as youths ever grow  
Of such a case—slight change the fact will show.  
With pride his charming conquest he survey'd,  
And burn'd with equal passion for the maid;  
Resolv'd each wanton mistress to disown,  
The holier ardours of true love to crown:  
Whilst wealth with pride her brethrens' breast endu'd,  
His lot, alas! was humble servitude!  
And well the lovers knew these brothers' spite  
Would on a match so mean be sure alight.  
But thus the saying runs—"Where fate proves cross  
" Ingenious love is seldom at a loss;

“ Wily and brave his charge to disengage  
“ From the base padlock or thrice-bolted cage.”  
’Twas easy, therefore, to beguile these youth,  
Plodding regardless of deceit or truth ;  
A priest in secret bound the loving pair,  
And for their welfare rais’d the pious pray’r.  
A thief of bliss !—Lorenzo in her arms  
Felt keener pleasure from the first alarms,  
And often sought the chamber of his bride,  
While love and night a friendly shade supplied.  
But ah ! how seldom joys like theirs endure,  
When full success grows careless and secure :  
One of the merchants in concealment saw  
Lorenzo to his wonted rest withdraw ;  
Mark’d the lone door of Isabel expand,  
Then gently close as with a guilty hand ;  
Furious his sharp stiletto forth he drew,  
And panting, raging, madd’ning, forward flew !  
But prudence whisper’d to his conscience—“ Shame !  
“ Respect thy father’s urn, thy sister’s fame !  
“ Crimes soon are known where rashly blood is spilt !  
“ And public knowledge sharpens private guilt !”  
He paus’d awhile—then to his brother ran,  
Wak’d him from sleep, and the strange tale began ;  
When straight their high indignant spirits range  
Through countless stratagems of cool revenge,  
E’en till the sun forsook the eastern sky,  
And view’d the flames of wrath in either eye !

Yet courteously as wont they still appear,  
Friendly their greeting, and uncheck'd their cheer;  
And poor Lorenzo, thinking all secure,  
Was easy drawn into the artful lure.

The sky is azure—the green shades among  
The feather'd minstrels pour their choral song;  
Amidst the grove the brother merchants stray  
With young Lorenzo, partner of their way.  
'Twas where the mandrake and the nightshade grow,  
And drop their poison on the ground below—  
Where ancient oaks umbrageous shadows threw,  
With many a wound th' unwary youth they slew!  
Then plac'd his body in the earth's cold bed,  
And moss and leaves above his dwelling spread;  
Then cautiously forsook the green wood shade,  
Regain'd their home, and plied as erst their trade.

At length they gave it out that he was gone  
On some important mission far from town,  
And were believ'd, for well the neighbours knew  
'Twas what Lorenzo had been wont to do.  
“ He'll speedily return, his mission sped”—  
His comrades thought his coming long delay'd;  
Awhile they wonder'd!—then forgot was he,  
As absent friends have been, and still must be:  
But one sad nymph, afflicted and depress'd,  
Still faithful, lodg'd his image in her breast;

'Twas blooming Isabel, who every morn  
Inquir'd the period of the youth's return;  
Till grown impatient, her fierce brother said,  
"What matters it to thee, too anxious maid?  
"Inquire no more!—sad truths are often taught  
"When lovesick fools are answer'd as they ought!"  
Abash'd she shrunk, and never ask'd again,  
But wish'd, and wept, and wonder'd still in vain.  
Oft would she call her lover by his name,  
And praise his passion for its ardent flame;  
Then his late coldness mournfully reprove,  
And wail the fatal issue of their love.  
Sleep fled afar, or if he brush'd away  
The tear that stain'd her cheek at dawn of day,  
Short was the slumber, and she wak'd to find  
A double load of woe oppress her mind.  
One night, resign'd to solitude and cares,  
She breath'd her spirit in aspiring prayers,  
And often cried, in melancholy tone,  
"Tell me, Lorenzo, whither art thou gone?"  
When lo! an object borne upon the breeze,  
All undefin'd, th' affrighted damsel sees  
Traverse the room, and glide in silent mood,  
Close to her couch, distilling tears and blood!  
'Twas her Lorenzo's form, but light and pale  
As fleeting gossamer that rides the gale:  
Deep sunk and fix'd his glazed eyeballs stood,  
Sepulchral lamps which death's pale signal show'd;



The sanguine drops that o'er his ringlets spread,  
Appear'd like rubies strung on golden thread :  
" Thou whom in life I lov'd, and still deplore,  
" Hope not" the spectre said, " to meet me more ;  
" No longer raise to heaven thy tearful eyes,  
" Nor vex my sprite with heavy groans and sighs,  
" For the cold grave will smile above its prey,  
" And scorn a mortal's mandate to obey.  
" When falls the victim in the grasp of death,  
" No human power can reinspire his breath ;  
" Nought can the nerveless limbs to use restore,  
" And man once wither'd springs to life no more."  
He ceas'd awhile—then shew'd in full discourse  
How he had fall'n by perfidy and force ;  
Told each particular, and nam'd the spot  
Where his consuming frame was left to rot ;  
Then bade the nymph farewell, and took his flight  
On viewless pinion through the realms of night.  
Distress at heart, with anguish and dismay,  
In grief and tears she wore the night away,  
And strove to doubt her senses, and esteem  
The awful vision but an empty dream.

Scarce blush'd the kindling dawn when she arose  
To solve the myst'ry and confirm her woes—  
No word, no hint she to her brothers gave,  
But took with her a faithful maiden slave ;  
Then cautiously the well-known track pursu'd,  
To find her murder'd lover in the wood ;

And though dark autumn had despoil'd the ground,  
And stript the trees, and spread their honours round;  
Though deadly nightshade o'er the barrow cross'd  
Its tangled shoots, with sable berries boss'd,  
As if the treacherous plant desir'd to hide  
A crime so nearly to its own allied;  
Yet the sad spot the spectre had reveal'd,  
By leaves, nor moss, nor briers could be conceal'd:  
The loosen'd mould the secret soon betray'd,  
And all the struggle to her mind convey'd:  
Eager with bleeding hands she tore the ground,  
And soon Lorenzo's lovely relics found:  
Nor countenance nor limb corruption knew,  
He seem'd enjoying slumber's balmiest dew;  
As if great Nature had resolv'd to spare  
From worms a work so finish'd and so fair.  
On his cold lip she thousand kisses press'd,  
Clung round his neck, and sobb'd upon his breast;  
Pour'd o'er his form deep sorrow's boiling flood,  
Which wash'd his wounds and hair defil'd with blood!

Hours sped unnotic'd—light was almost flown,  
And little time remain'd for idle moan;  
Fain would she have his corse remov'd from thence,  
And buried with due honours and expense;  
But all in vain—she trembling seiz'd a blade,  
To sever from the trunk his graceful head!  
And oft essay'd—and often shrunk aghast,  
With horror whelm'd—but wrought the deed at last!

Then wrapt it in a silken scarf with care,  
And gave it her attending slave to bear;  
Replac'd the bruised turf, and fondly strove  
To hide the relics of revenge and love.

Silent and sad the pathway she retrac'd,  
Regain'd her chamber, and the relic plac'd  
Full on her knees, and gaz'd and gaz'd thereon  
Till sight grew dim and sense and soul seem'd gone.  
No tear-drop gush'd, her bleached lids were dry,  
And 'gainst the wall her head fell heavily;  
At last with one loud sob, deep, plaintive, wild,  
Such as a mother breathes o'er her dead child,  
The nymph reviv'd, and kiss'd and kiss'd again  
The faded features that she lov'd in vain!  
Wash'd from each wound the clotted blood away,  
Then press'd unto her heart th' insensate clay,  
And cried, "O cruel brothers! would to God  
" My blood with his had stain'd th' unhallow'd sod!  
" Ador'd Lorenzo! all our joys are o'er,  
" And I shall never, never fold thee more!  
" Yet may our spirits meet—but who can know  
" If flames like ours in other worlds shall glow?  
" The grave!—but no: my soul will cling to thee  
" Through all the ages of eternity!"  
Thus spake the nymph, and from her cabinet  
She drew an Indian vessel, richly set  
With curious figures and refulgent gold;  
Yet poor she thought such relic to infold

A wreath of flowers around his temples glow'd,  
And of a silken scarf she form'd his shroud ;  
Then plac'd it in the vessel, and above  
Threw mould, all consecrate with tears of love :  
Next the fair basil-flower she planted there,  
Pride of the garden, sweetner of the air ;  
But never brought from river or from lake  
One drop, the earth's oft-craving thirst to slake ;  
But every morn bedew'd it with rich showers,  
Distill'd from roses and fresh orange flowers ;  
And daily kneeling, pour'd her sorrows o'er  
The branches, till her eyes could yield no more !  
I know not whence the plant its vigour drew,  
From essence, tears, or relic !—but it grew  
Luxuriantly, and with its beauteous bloom  
Fill'd the wide chamber with a sweet perfume :  
But as it flourish'd Isabel decay'd,  
Her spirit languish'd, and her beauty fled !  
Her eyes no longer glow'd with lambent flame—  
Her cheeks grew wan, and meagre wax'd her framé ;  
Forgot each ornament that deck'd her hair—  
The wond'rous plant alone became her care ;  
Morn after morn the neighbours saw her pour  
Fast o'er the urn the anguish-laden show'r !  
Her brothers mark'd the change, and stole away  
The jar in which her secret treasure lay.  
They search'd and found, and well the relic knew—  
'Twas his, the youth's whom they so basely slew !

And though his comely features were decay'd,  
Yet his fair locks the blasting truth betray'd.  
Guilt-struck, from proud Messina's walls they flew,  
As murd'ers whom th' avenging fates pursue;  
Then sunk the nymph—yet while her voice had power  
Exclaiming wildly for her fav'rite flower,  
Till death at last, borne on a train of woes,  
Laid her 'reft heart for ever at repose!

The tale spread far, and many a youth and dame  
Have wept the issue of their fatal flame:  
At length a poet of the country rose,  
And eternis'd the story of their woes;  
Which oft is sung—and thus the strains commence,  
“ What cruel hands have stol'n my flow'ret hence?”

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### Almouran and Uetla.

IN orient climes where first the bright-hair'd sun  
Springs o'er the wave his heavenly course to run;  
Where maids, with every grace and beauty crown'd,  
And fairest flow'rs and sweetest fruits abound;  
Where spring's perpetual dews enrich the vale,  
Each eve made vocal by the nightingale—  
In that bright region young Almouran reign'd,  
And well the splendour of his state maintain'd;

A hundred provinces their tributes pour'd  
Fresh to his hand, and own'd him for their lord ;  
The spoil of cities sack'd, of nobles slain,  
Increas'd the grandeur of his courtly train ;  
Where'er he turn'd, whatever was his mood,  
A hundred slaves to do his bidding stood :  
Was he inclin'd to mirth ? the eunuch's throat  
Warbled ecstatic to the lute's shrill note ;  
Did pleasure fill his mind ? the spacious room  
Was throng'd with virgins scattering sweet perfume.  
Thus day o'er day roll'd on, and night o'er night  
With change of pleasure and increas'd delight ;  
But ah ! how soon each gross enjoyment cloy's,  
Palls on the taste, and every sense destroys ;—  
Scarce had twelve moons in perfect glory shone  
Since first Almouran fill'd his father's throne,  
When sick of all the wantonness and show  
That oriental palaces bestow,  
Oft would he quit his sceptre and his train  
To prove the simpler pleasures of the plain ;  
With swains unite him, and with virgins rove  
Through flow'ry meadows and the spicy grove :  
O then how vain appear'd the gorgeous dome,  
How vain the richest tissue of the loom ;  
No charms he thought with nature's charms could vie,  
No strain exceed the wild-bird's melody ;  
Nor aught such pleasure to the spirit give  
As viewing virtue in contentment live.

At length it chanc'd as forth he rov'd one morn  
O'er emerald meads and fields of waving corn,  
Deep in a vale where humbler herbage grew  
A stranger Maiden met his raptur'd view :—  
Long had young Leila o'er her parent's urn  
Indulg'd the sacred privilege to mourn,  
And ling'ring staid her in the vale alone—  
Her woes unshar'd, her virtues all unknown,  
Like some fair flowret in a desert place,  
Which blooms mid relics of its fading race;  
Her mien was meek, yet brilliant as the gem  
That gilds the night's imperial diadem;  
Graceful her air, and stately was her form  
As the tall cedar tow'ring mid the storm;  
Her cheek was fresher than the rose's bloom,  
Her bosom softer than the cygnet's plume;  
Devotion kindled in her azure eye,  
And all her actions whisper'd dignity:  
Scarce of the earth she seem'd, such rays of soul  
Beam'd from each part, and harmoniz'd the whole.  
He deem'd this virgin lovelier far I ween  
Than e'er the wide seraglio's brightest queen;  
For as the soft tear down her fair cheek stole  
In sighs effus'd his sympathizing soul:  
“ Tell me, thou lovely Nymph, O tell what care  
“ Reigns in thy breast, and wildly triumphs there?  
“ Can wealth or pow'r assuage thy pangs of grief?  
“ Can splendour cheer, or pity yield relief?

“ If so, O speak, and let me stay the storm  
“ Which else perchance may wreck that beauteous form.”  
Thus spake the Prince, and trembling clasp'd her hand  
As if a stranger to supreme command.  
His manners won so on the simple maid  
She heard his plea, and modestly obey'd ;  
And soon with mute astonishment he found  
Her sires had been with regal honours crown'd ;  
But 'rest of sceptre and of kingdom 'rest,  
Their mould'ring urn was all she now had left !  
His ruthless ancestors had swept away  
All that pertain'd to her of house and sway.

Long had Almouran felt within his mind  
An aching wish for something undefin'd ;  
And now he found 'twas tenderness alone,  
Not gen'ral love, but tenderness for one  
To whose fond breast he might impart his care,  
And share her joys, and all her troubles share.  
As wax bears figures, by the seal impress'd,  
So Leila's image grew within his breast !  
At home, abroad, in sunshine and in shade,  
Her dear idea with the Monarch staid ;  
Then more he sought the valley, less the town,  
By virtue's unemblaz'd attractions won ;  
His toils of state, his honours were forgot,  
With lovely Leila in the rural cot.



But soon a wretch, to selfish deeds inclin'd,  
The cherish'd secret of his breast divin'd !  
He came, he saw the beautiful and young,  
Who like a Houri rov'd the glades among,  
And many a plan in secret form'd and tried  
To rob the Monarch of his wish'd-for bride ;  
Dark thoughts, and darker in his brain revolv'd ;  
At last on this expedient he resolv'd—  
To call Almouran to the distant chase,  
And rush perforce into the maid's embrace !  
For still 'twas his Almouran's steps t' attend  
As guide, as guardian, minister, and friend.

Blithe rose the morn—propitious smil'd the sun,  
The game was started, and the chace begun ;  
The gallant Monarch, with his wonted speed,  
Led on the troop, and cheer'd his mettld steed,  
Which bounded on up hill and down the slope  
As fleet and graceful as the antelope ;  
But ere he crost the forest's midmost brook  
The villain minister the chase forsook !  
Hurried in secret down to Leila's cot,  
Intent to execute his horrid plot ;  
Found her defenceless in the cypress shade,  
In meditation rapt like sainted maid.  
He seiz'd, and far away the victim bore,  
To add new pleasure to his private bow'r !

Then what could Leila? bound upon his steed,  
He urg'd her onward with resistless speed;  
Boldly she strove his efforts to repel,  
But swoon'd, and sunk at last insensible!  
Arriv'd at length full at the destin'd spot,  
With spells the villain strives to aid his plot:  
When once the voice of conscience is suppress'd,  
Heav'n quits his hold, and demons rule the breast.  
Her trance he broke, but ah! she wak'd to know  
Increasing horrors and redoubl'd woe!  
Dark was the scene, thick overhung with wood,  
The wither'd herbage glow'd with recent blood!  
Tremendous gulfs were yawning wide beneath,  
And crags above portended instant death!  
There's no means of escape!—it seem'd a den  
More fit for demons than the sons of men!  
He had known beauties, and had found them frail,  
And deem'd his artifice must now prevail;  
But there are hearts enshrin'd in fair array,  
Nor gold corrupts nor pleasure lures astray;  
And such was her's, who vow'd by Him on high,  
The light and glory of earth, sea, and sky—  
“Rather than stoop to vice, I'll freely yield  
“My sever'd limbs to strew the fatal field!—  
“Rather whole years of agony endure,  
“Than conscience' sting and Alla's curse ensure!”  
“Mere cant!” he cried, “that hypocrites maintain,  
“The holier force of nature to restrain!”

It seem'd as hell had thrown her portals wide,  
And the worst fiend was gláring at her side !  
“ Stand, wretch !” she shriek'd with wild yet stedfast air,  
And eyes on heav'n as all her soul was there ;  
“ Another step, and from this craggy brow  
“ Dash'd is my frame on yonder rocks below !”  
He stood amaz'd to view the frantic maid,  
And deem'd superior spirits lent her aid ;  
But fix'd his aim—“ In vain, or vow, or cry,”  
The wretch return'd, “ Die, haughty sorceress, die !”  
“ Die first, foul fiend !” a well-known voice replied,  
While a sharp sabre pierc'd his yielding side.  
Then flew the King to Leila—clasp'd her charms,  
And caught her fainting in his faithful arms !  
He blest the steed that bore him from the chase  
Full down the pathway to this fearful place ;  
Meanwhile the dying wretch his wrath express'd  
With all the rancour of a demon's breast—  
“ Curse on the arm that dealt the fatal blow,  
“ Ere I had wrought the proud one's overthrow !  
“ Know, boy, I once was taunted by her sire,  
“ May'st thou, like him, in prime of life expire !  
“ May all thy ministers arch traitors prove,  
“ And thou be hated in return of love !”  
He said, and died.—The King with care convey'd  
To his own palace fast the fainting maid.  
He'd prov'd her fortitude, and knew her love  
Pure as the flames that burn in breasts above.—

At length long woo'd, long urg'd, the nymph complied  
To crown his hopes—she blush'd a willing bride :  
Her father's lost dominions own'd her power,  
And oft again she'd seat her in the bower  
Where first Almouran view'd her virgin charms,  
And fondly woo'd her to his longing arms.  
Then was the sceptre sway'd with gentler hand,  
And richer blessings scatter'd o'er the land ;  
Meanwhile the virgins and the swains elate,  
Would praise the Monarch and his lovely mate ;  
Each moment singing, in exalted strain,  
“ O may this happy pair for ever reign ! ”

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### Harold the Valiant.

O LOVE, no limit thy dominion knows !  
Thine are the torrid sands, the polar snows !  
Where man appears, in cities, camps, or groves,  
There thou art present, and thy pow'r he proves !

Where frozen Norway spreads her bleak domain,  
Brave Harold sought a hero's meed to gain ;  
Early he tried his strength and skill in war,  
Explor'd new seas, and shew'd his feats afar,  
Till Arctic climes confest his matchless fame,  
And Afric learnt to tremble at his name.  
But though desire of glory urg'd him on,  
Yet love at length a nobler conquest won :

He saw the daughter of the Russian King,  
Blithe as the morn, and blooming as the spring;  
Her charms prevail'd—he woo'd—she spurn'd the chief,  
And thus he told the story of his grief—

“ My sails have courted every varying breeze,  
“ And spread their wings in east and western seas;  
“ Flaunted around the gay Sicilian isles,  
“ And swell'd where scarce a summer beauty smiles;  
“ Then were my friends with youth and vigour crown'd,  
“ And swiftly through the waves my bark would bound:  
“ War was the fav'rite passion of my mind—  
“ Forward I press'd, nor cast a thought behind;  
“ But watch'd all night, and spent in toil the morn,  
“ And yet I bear a Russian maiden's scorn.

“ In youth great Drontheim to the field I drew,  
“ His hosts were num'rous, and my troops were few;  
“ Long rag'd the conflict ere a man would yield,  
“ At length I fell'd their leader on the field!  
“ His corse was after me in triumph borne,  
“ And yet I bear a Russian maiden's scorn!

“ Enrag'd and fierce, with brow austere and dark,  
“ The demon of the storm assail'd my bark;  
“ He rent the waves till death's dark realm appear'd,  
“ Yet thrice five men my sinking vessel clear'd!  
“ From this new hopes of new success were born,  
“ And yet I bear a Russian maiden's scorn!

" I know each exercise the valiant know,  
 " I rein the steed, fence, swim, and bend the bow;  
 " In skates skim o'er the frozen lake's expanse,  
 " And dart with skill the keen resistless lance;  
 " With bland accomplishments the feast adorn,  
 " And yet I bear a Russian maiden's scorn!

" Can she deny, the young and lovely maid  
 " Who once with wonder my exploits survey'd,  
 " When through a city in the southern land  
 " I wav'd the falchion in my red right hand;  
 " Now here, now there, flash'd its destructive flame,  
 " And left behind memorials of my fame;  
 " Nor ceas'd till every foe was overborne—  
 " And yet I bear a Russian maiden's scorn!

" My birth was on Norwegian hills afar,  
 " Whose bowmen know no peers in silvan war;  
 " But I preferr'd what vulgar spirits dread,  
 " To guide my bark through ocean's stormy bed;  
 " Midst cover'd rocks and round barbaric lands,  
 " And where no human habitation stands;  
 " Till through all seas I'd been triumphant borne,  
 " And yet I bear a Russian maiden's scorn!"

### **The Deluge.**

THE heav'ns were open'd—the vast depths below  
Bade all their waters the wide earth o'erflow !  
The marble tow'rs and splendid palaces,  
Mountains and rocks, were buried by degrees !  
Till only one aspiring summit stood  
To break th' unvaried lines of sky and flood !  
From this resounded the commingled cries  
Of wretches striving o'er their fate to rise ;  
But Death pursu'd them on each dashing wave,  
And made the main one universal grave !  
Here a huge crag loose, sever'd from the steep,  
Fell with its load of victims to the deep !  
There a fierce torrent leapt and foam'd with ire,  
And whelm'd the son who bore his dying sire !  
Whilst the fond mother, with her infant train,  
Sunk, and was swallow'd by the roaring main !  
Yet virtuous Semin, an illustrious youth,  
To whom the boast of maids had pledg'd her truth,  
Now bore his lov'd Semira 'bove the flood,  
And far upon the topmost crag they stood,  
All else were dead !—around them shriek'd the storm,  
Th' infuriate spray dash'd over either form !  
Near and more near the awful thunder roll'd !  
The billows higher rush'd, and louder howl'd !

"Twas darkness all, save when the lightning shew'd  
Impending vengeance in each low'ring cloud;  
While every wave a thousand corsés bore,  
With gaunt destruction seeking yet for more!  
Semira prest her lover to her heart,  
And while hot tear-drops from her eyelids start,  
"There is no safety, O my love!" she said;  
"Around us Death his with'ring arms hath spread!  
"Nearer and nearer still he comes! which wave  
"Shall overwhelm and bear us to our grave?  
"Hold me, O Semin, in thy faithful arms!  
"Confirm my trust, and quiet my alarms!  
"For hither rolls destruction—oh! how dire!  
"Fierce and illumin'd by electric fire!  
"Now, O our God!"—She said, and sunk oppress'd  
On the firm pillow of her Semin's breast!  
His arms around her fainting form he flung,  
And o'er her, rapt in deep amazement, hung;  
All else forgot, he felt his lov'd one still  
Cold in his arms, and felt a deathly chill  
Creep through his veins, and cried, "Semira! wake!  
"Another view of these dread horrors take;  
"Say that thou lov'st me with thy parting breath,  
"Ere yet the flood o'erwhelm us both in death!"  
He sobb'd, and gradually the maid awoke,  
And fix'd on him an inexpressive look  
Of tenderness and sorrow—then survey'd  
The scene of desolation round them spread,



And cried, " O God ! is thy protection gone,  
" And is thy pity from the earth withdrawn ?  
" Fiercely thy thunder roars, thy billows swell,  
" And loud the unappeased Judgment tell :  
" Great God, our years in innocence flow'd on,  
" Semin the best of youths !—But *they* are gone—  
" They who adorn'd with flowers of joy my way,  
" And she who gave me unto life and day ;  
" Snatch'd by the whelming billows from my side,  
" She rose to bless me, and in blessing died.  
" Yes, *they* are gone ! yet, Semin, still with thee,  
" This desolated world would Eden be !—  
" Our youthful years in innocence roll'd on,  
" Yet mercy's fled ! salvation there is none !  
" But why complain ? O God, forgive ! we die,  
" What in thy sight is mortal purity ?"—  
" True ; life is banish'd from the earth !" he cried,  
" No voice now breaks the murmur of the tide ;  
" The next sad moment, love, will be our last !  
" Our friends have perish'd ! life's best hopes are past !  
" Vanish'd the scenes our lively fancies drew,  
" When ev'ry prospect charm'd, for each was new ;  
" Yet let us not await th' impending doom  
" Like those who have no hope of joy to come ;  
" For what's the brightest, happiest life of man,  
" E'en when protracted to its utmost span ?  
" A dew-drop hanging from the jutting steep,  
" Melted by morn's first ray into the deep ;

“ Then raise thy spirit, let each tear be dry,  
“ Death is the passage to eternity !  
“ Let us not shrink, my love, while tarrying here,  
“ But all our destiny together share :  
“ For life no more we now the Throne address,  
“ Confirm our hopes of heav’nly happiness ;  
“ Then roll ye thunders, and thou ocean rise !  
“ Ye lightnings rend, ye meteors fire the skies !  
“ Prais’d be the righteous Judge, let each exclaim,  
“ E’en while our spirits quit their fainting frame !”  
Courage and joy upon her face appear’d,  
And ’midst the storm her feeble hands she rear’d :  
“ Yes, now I feel the glorious hope arise,  
“ Praise God, my tongue ! weep tears of joy, my eyes !  
“ A heav’n, replete with happiness, awaits  
“ To fold us in its everlasting gates !  
“ Our dearest friends are gone before—we come—  
“ O He has snatch’d them from the awful doom !  
“ And now around his glorious throne they stand,  
“ A guileless, tearless, blest, immortal band !  
“ Roll, thunders, roll !—destruction nearer press !  
“ Ye are but pæans to his righteousness !  
“ Embrace me, love !—to thee I fondly cleave !  
“ Death hurries to us on that dashing wave !  
“ The flood already lifts me from the ground !  
“ O leave me not !”—He clasp’d her firmly round,  
And cried, with glowing heart and flutt’ring breath,  
“ We are prepar’d ! now welcome, welcome death !

“ Prais’d be th’ Eternal Just One ! and rever’d  
“ His holy name !—O Death, we are prepar’d !”  
The next wave found them lock’d in close embrace !  
The following found—of *life* nor *earth* a trace !

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### The Emigrants.

\*\*\*\* “ I MARK’D her wand’ring by the-deep ;  
I heard her sigh, I saw her weep ;  
The sea was calm, the air serene,  
A dark’ning cloud o’erspread her mien ;  
It seem’d as if the spirit there  
Was torn and prison’d by despair :  
She breath’d so long, so deep a groan,  
Such horror swell’d the lab’ring tone,  
It might have been esteem’d the token  
That her poor restless heart was broken.  
A storm ensu’d, the waves rose high,  
Deep gloom involv’d the low’ring sky ;  
Then, rising from soul-cank’ring sadness,  
Her bright eyes glancing rays of gladness,  
She wildly leapt upon the steep  
Which over-hung th’ infuriate deep,  
And knelt—I saw her raise her form  
Amidst the terrors of the storm,  
Like Cynthia, who, through clouds of night,  
Appears more lovely to the sight.

The fillet from her head was cast,  
She gave her loose locks to the blast,  
Which form'd—as oft the lightning spread—  
A blaze of glory round her head ;  
But short the time the eye there found her,  
Soon darkness wrapt his mantle round her.”

“ ’Tis Angeline—I know it well,  
She left ere matin hour her cell—  
’Tis Angeline,” the Abbess said,  
“ She from our sacred pile is fled  
To seek a cold unhallow’d grave  
Beneath the restless, cheerless wave—  
Then haste, good Fisherman, with me,  
And let us search along the sea,  
We yet may be in time to save  
The lady from her long-sought grave.”

“ You well remember, Jaques, the night  
When prodigies beguil’d the sight ;  
Two years are scarcely pass’d away  
Since that dread season of dismay ;  
When wild waves drown’d the rocky shore,  
And demons swell’d the deaf’ning roar ;  
And fiery shapes were fiercely driven  
Across the blacken’d arch of heaven.  
*That night I never shall forget,*  
For ere the storm had ceas’d to fret,

All lonely wand'ring on the shore,  
The wrecks of ocean to explore,  
I found that gentle lady lying,  
Cold, breathless, motionless, and dying.—  
I sought assistance, none was found,  
Nor cot nor hamlet rose around;  
So to our inmost cell I bore her,  
And pray'd the Virgin to restore her.  
The maidens watch'd with constant care,  
And proffer'd many a fervent pray'r:  
We watch'd her, and we found at length  
Glad symptoms of increasing strength;  
Yet still the Saint, though oft address'd,  
Fulfill'd but half our fond request;  
The pulse of life grew blithe again,  
But reason rul'd not in her brain;  
The soul's chief functions were suspended,  
And all her thoughts with madness blended.

“ We urg'd her oft the veil to take—  
Our plea could no impression make;  
We urg'd her in an evil hour,  
When reft of strength and mental pow'r;—  
She half complied with our request—  
We hung the cross upon her breast,  
And sought the blessed Saint, that she  
Might prove a faithful votary.  
Before the shrine she humbly bow'd,  
Her form with heavenly beauty glow'd;

She rais'd her head, and never eye  
Seem'd fraught with such divinity.  
Her bosom heav'd with fond devotion,  
As heaves the white surf on the ocean;  
Intelligence through all appear'd;  
And music in her voice was heard.  
But when the sisters tried to raise  
The solemn, sacred strain of praise,  
The Virgin's statue, wrought of stone,  
Appear'd to wear an angry frown:  
This was esteem'd, in fullest measure,  
A token of the Saint's displeasure,  
And ev'ry vestal hence believ'd  
The sacrifice was not receiv'd.  
They view'd her as a guilty thing,  
Whose soul remorse could never wring,  
And deem'd her, therefore, doom'd to bear  
The pangs of punishment severe.  
But when she from the shrine withdrew,  
Fresh wonder in each bosom grew;  
For never had the maids beheld  
A mien, which ev'ry mien excell'd,  
Like her's, in meekest loveliness,  
So fraught with anguish and distress.  
Now she would fast, and pray, and weep,  
And all her soul in sorrow steep;  
And now she to the world would turn,  
And with unholy longings burn;

Yet griev'd she not for worldly treasures,  
For trifling joys, or guilty pleasures :  
No, no ! her love, her lord was dead !  
And with him ev'ry hope was fled ;  
His corse was whelm'd beneath the wave,  
And she would fain partake his grave.  
Days roll'd away, and months return'd,  
Yet still, with this desire she burn'd."

" Affection sways with soft control,  
That melts and fructifies the soul—  
But there is yet a ruder blaze,  
Which, like th' erratic comet, strays—  
Still gath'ring heat, and gath'ring force,  
Till pale Destruction marks its course ;  
And this, I fear, this was the flame  
So fondly cherish'd by that Dame ;  
For on some plausible pretence  
She rashly, subtly stole from hence ;  
And, calling round each holy sister,  
This hour—this very hour I miss'd her."

" Miss'd her, good Abbess ? yonder look,  
She still is leaning on the rock ;  
Dim through the haze I see her stand  
With head declin'd and outstretch'd hand ;  
Fair as the faultless angel form  
That mourns the ravage of the storm ;

And see the boat—it flies! it flies!  
His utmost strength Orlando plies.  
I left him but to guard my freight,  
The while I sought your blest retreat;  
And lo! the waves around his prow  
Like lines of burnish'd silver glow—  
He nears—he nears the rocky shore,  
Her perils now will soon be o'er;  
Orlando views the craggy height—  
He lands—he vanishes from sight.”

“ Just at the dawn that awful morn  
When to your cell *you* nymph was borne,  
That gallant youth a wreck I spied,  
And snatch'd him from the whelming tide.  
Some wealth he rescu'd from the wreck,  
Enough the frown of want to check;  
My humble hut became his home,  
Nor blush'd he hence with me to roam:  
What time I sought the scaly fry,  
His manly strength he oft would ply,  
To draw the net or tend the sail  
That woo'd or shunn'd th' inconstant gale;  
The seamew from the rock he bore,  
And slew the wild bird on the shore:  
Thus daily was my table fraught,  
Thus plenty smil'd throughout my cot;  
Yet rov'd he neither flood nor field,  
To reap th' enjoyments they might yield;



The only object there he sought  
Was to divert his mind from thought;  
For it is sad—when pleasure's pass'd—  
To find no human joy will last;  
'Tis sad to scan the fleeting scene,  
While mem'ry points to what has been;  
But oh! 'tis sadder yet to mark  
The changing brow of Hope grow dark,  
And, ere youth's early ardours die,  
To see her form fade on the eye.  
This he had done, and yet his heart  
In each one's sorrows shar'd a part;  
But oft, it seem'd, his own dread lot  
Was in his country's woes forgot;  
For when that sacred spot of earth  
I chanc'd to name, which gave him birth,  
From feeling heart and fault'ring tongue  
He pour'd this sad indignant song:—

## SONG.

“ How lovely the land where, in childhood, I wander'd,  
Delighted to breathe the fresh gale,  
By torrent, by streamlet, or rill that meander'd  
Through groves mid the flow'r-cover'd vale.  
There the broad tree of Liberty sprung up and flourish'd,  
Sweet Peace her serenest smile wore;  
No vile trait'rous rebel my country then nourish'd,  
But Liberty now is no more.

“ O shame to the cravens so vain and false-hearted,  
Who saw their own laws trampled down ;  
And shame to the nation that basely deserted  
Their duty to country and crown !  
Fair Order they spurn'd, and Confusion soon found them,  
Their Idol grew drunk with their gore ;  
The spectres of Horror and Ruin surround them,  
And Liberty now is no more.

“ O spirits of heroes departed to heaven,  
Look down from your region of joy ;  
Let valour and truth to your children be given,  
Or the trophies you rais'd they'll destroy ;  
Dart a ray of the glory ye gladly inherit,  
Allegiance and faith to restore ;  
Rear Honour's bright standard, and bid them revere it,  
Or Freedom will flourish no more.”

“ Cease, Jaques, O cease thy mournful song,  
Nor more the tale of woe prolong,  
For mark ! where yonder cliff ascends,  
A form its light step hither bends—  
'Tis Angeline ! she's safe ! she's safe !  
Let bolts now fly and billows chafe,  
This way her course she seems to wind,  
Supported by a stranger kind—  
But who ? and what ? oh what are they,  
Who, savage-like, obstruct her way,

With visor'd front and gleaming brand?  
I know them now—a ruffian band,  
Who prowl like wolves upon the shore,  
Fell and athirst for human gore:—  
Haste, Jaques, O haste, assistance lend,  
Thy arm the vestal may defend;  
For see! bright gleams around them flashing,  
And hark! oh, hark! rade sabres clashing!  
The rock with streaming purple glows,  
More hot and fierce the conflict grows!—  
Now, now they meet!—they turn!—they bend!  
And heavier now the strokes descend!  
They pant!—they foam!—they gasp for breath!  
Infuriate ministers of death.  
One ruffian falls—death seals his eyes—  
At thy protector's feet he lies;  
Stern Horror rears her ample plume,  
And shades him in its deepest gloom;  
But yet another villain lives,  
He fights no more—no longer strives;  
But foil'd at last, and breathless, see  
He bows him low on bended knee;  
His sword he yields, he prostrate falls,  
And loud and oft for mercy calls;  
The mask is from his brows unwound,  
His rage is quelled, his arms are bound.”

Now danger's o'er, now peril's pass'd,  
And hush'd the fury of the blast,

With sparkling eyes and bounding feet  
 The nymph and hero spring to meet;  
 The tears of joy bedew each face—  
 How tender seems that long embrace.  
 For this through all the Convents round  
 The hymn of grateful praise shall sound;  
 For nought but heav'n's almighty pow'r  
 To comfort could their hearts restore.  
 And see! to heav'n the hero turns,  
 His cheek with glowing rapture burns—  
 "O Angeline, my wife!" he cries,  
 "O Angeline!" the rock replies—  
 "Bless'd be the hour when from the wave  
 My form emerg'd as from the grave;  
 Bless'd all the hardships I have borne—  
 The sleepless night, the joyless morn;  
 The toil, the terror, and the strife  
 That marr'd my chequer'd spring of life:  
 This happy hour o'er pays me double  
 For all my danger, cares, and trouble.  
 Though wild the storm, and fierce its way,  
 That tore thee from my arms away;  
 Though long the night and deep the shade  
 Despair cast darkling round my head—  
 Love's soften'd glory linger'd yet,  
 E'en though its radiant orb was set:  
 So at the fall of summer eve,  
 When the bright sun has ta'en his leave,

Though far beneath the ocean hurl'd,  
His chaste reflection cheers the world.  
That storm is o'er, that night is past,  
The morn of pleasure dawns at last;  
With joyful heart and inward pride  
I clasp my long-lost, lovely bride;  
And now before my mental eyes  
A train of happy years arise;  
I see the tyrant base subdu'd,  
Who bought his glitt'ring crown with blood;  
The steeds of war, all crimson crested,  
By Mercy's mandate are arrested;  
And Peace once more, with olive wand,  
Reigns mildly o'er our native land:  
The vine-clad cot, my earliest home,  
The groves that wrapt me in their gloom;  
My mother, sister, friend rever'd,  
All those whom Slaughter's sword hath spar'd  
Impatient beckon us away,  
And seem to chide our long delay.  
Come then, my Angeline, O come,  
With fleetest speed let's hasten home,  
And in our pleasant paths again  
The seraph joy shall live and reign;  
Meanwhile, till life itself shall end,  
These our protectors we'll befriend."

He said, and with his new-found bride  
Hied quickly down the mountain's side;  
Before them pleas'd the Abbess sped,  
And Jaques behind the captive led.

At length the happy group beheld  
Orlando's prophecies fulfill'd;  
The stream of lib'ral bounty flow'd,  
The culprit vile to Justice bow'd;  
The tyrant from his throne was hurl'd,  
And wearied War's red banner furl'd;  
Their vine-clad cot, their olive shade  
Again the faithful pair survey'd;  
The friends from whom they'd long been torn  
With transport hail'd their glad return;  
Again the lute was heard to sound;  
Again the jovial dancers bound;  
And Love, again with glowing mien,  
Reign'd charmer of the festive scene.  
Hence ev'ry pleasure life can give  
This long-tried, faithful pair receive:  
Their hours steal by with rapid flight,  
Joy crowns the day and peace the night;  
And all the blessings now they crave,  
Is thus to sojourn—to the grave.

**Babylon.**

FAR in the east, where proud Euphrates flows  
Through Shinar's valley, Babylon arose;  
Yes, there, Semiramis, 'twas thine to plan  
Dwellings that seem'd more fit for Gods than man!  
So nobly vast, so exquisitely wrought  
With gold and gems from every region brought!  
It shew'd the builder's mind invidious strove  
To scale heav'n's heights, and match the courts above!

Go mark her walls, survey their massy strength,  
Extend thy rod, compute their weary length;—  
So loftily they tow'r, that to their height  
Scarce soars the eagle in his solar flight!

Around a hundred brazen gates unfold  
Their spreading leaves, bright as refulgent gold;  
To which, in lines, the streets run parallel,  
And form huge squares where strength and grandeur dwell!  
No frail-wrought cottage here, but stately towers,  
Palace and temple, girt with blooming bowers;  
Cloud-piercing pinnacles, and high o'er all  
The fane of Belus thron'd majestic:  
There seated in his mansion in the skies,  
Th' observant Chaldee mark'd with wond'ring eyes.  
The fixed station and the circling flight  
Of every orb that studs the arch of night:

Not such the founder's hope: no, here she tried  
To plant security or satiate pride;  
Vain wretch!—safety belongs to God alone,  
And fame dwells nor in brass nor graven stone.

Fair queen of cities! lady of the east,  
Deck'd like a bride to grace the nuptial feast;  
How beautiful art thou in thine attire!  
All eyes behold thee, and all hearts admire!  
Thy princely merchant from far islands brings  
The sons of nobles and the heirs of kings;  
While beauty from thy daughters learns t' improve  
The grace and virtues that best lead to love.  
How stands the stranger, rapt in mute amaze,  
While fix'd on thy proud palaces his gaze;  
Where Sculpture bids her curious chisel trace  
The first rude lines of beauty and of grace;  
And Painting, struggling in her wild essays,  
Softens with shade the light's resplendent blaze:  
He marks the long-drawn court that cheats the sight,  
The spacious hall, and turret's dizzy height;  
And deems that giant hands for ages wrought  
Ere those huge piles were to perfection brought.

O thou that dost on many waters stand,  
And the deep wonder of the world command,  
Behold each clime and every land are thine,  
From Indus round to holy Palestine.



Thy chiefs go forth in glorious troops to war;  
And conquest heaps with trophies every car;  
The Ethiopian bows his stubborn knee,  
And the soft Persian owns thy stern decree;  
The spoils of Egypt swell thine ample stores,  
And there Arabia all her tributes pours;  
While lucent pearl and gems from Indian mines  
Reflect the form of every orb that shines;  
For thee the Tyrian fleece fresh charms assumes,  
Wrought by the hand of pride at fancy's looms;  
For thee the air with health and freshness teems;  
To swell thy pleasures flow the orient streams;  
Deep mines of wealth thy treasures infold,  
Thy giant gods are wrought of massy gold;  
And sages o'er thy mystic symbols pore,  
Recall the past, and future times explore.

Land of the mighty! nurse of arts and arms!  
Birth-place of science! den of magic charms!  
How seeks ambition's son to blaze his name  
High on th' eternal pedestal of fame;  
For this each nerve to labour he inures,  
For this long years of discipline endures;  
Tears up the earth, invades the roaring flood,  
And wades to this through rapine and through blood;  
Whilst love, well pleas'd with nature for his guide,  
Seeks the sweet charms of pleasure to provide.  
Hence thy fond king, at beauty's soft command,  
Bade smiling herbage crown yon barren strand;

And lo! where tier o'er tier her gardens rise  
 In pensile order to the ambient skies!  
 The forest monarch there extends his arms  
 O'er graceful shrubs unfolding various charms;  
 While every flower that drinks the early dew  
 Yields livelier beauties to the charmed view;  
 Rich fruitage ripens over all the ground,  
 And fragrance breathes his sweetest spirit round.

O listen! listen! to th' enchanting song  
 That softly breathes yon echoing shades among;  
 'Tis no dull strain of art, no earth-taught air,  
 But heav'n's own chorister is warbling there!  
 And lo! the nymphs, bright as the blushing ray  
 That tells the coming glories of the day,  
 Bound like the wanton fawn from glade to glade  
 To win the eye, yet of its gaze afraid.  
 There when the sun his noontide fervour pours,  
 They twine them garlands in the rosy bowers;  
 Recline at ease on fountains' moss-crown'd brims,  
 Or in the crystal baths their languid limbs.

But pride is in those bowers and in yon streets,  
 There vanity her sire presumption greets;  
 Folly is valued for her idiot smile,  
 And vice exerts uncheck'd each fraudulent wile.  
 Thy haughty sons erect the head on high  
 As they alone were favourites of the sky;

To neighbours insolent, indignant, stern,  
The poor they trample, and the stranger spurn;  
Nay, let the fury of their passions loose  
On service consecrate to holy use;  
And with derisive gibe and mocking jests  
Bear it to grace their monarch's impious feasts!

Lo! where enthron'd he sits in awful state,  
Himself a God! his will the law of fate!  
All that the stores of luxury can afford  
Shine in his court and smile upon his board:  
All that the east of splendour can bestow  
Unite to charm him with enraptured glow;  
And all that's delicate in sweet perfumes  
Steals in soft incense through his innermost rooms;  
While courtiers bow around the suppliant knee,  
And pay the worship due to Deity.  
He looks exulting from his sumptuous throne,  
And deems the empire of the world his own!  
Turns to his golden gods, his treasure'd store,  
And thinks the pillars of his state secure;  
Gives loose to mirth, bids tides of pleasure roll  
Wave after wave o'er his entranced soul;  
The nectar'd beverage freely, fondly sips,  
And drinks in love from beauty's rosy lips:  
He warms, he glows, his spirit mounts the skies,  
The madness dances in his swimming eyes!  
Unable now his passions to restrain,  
He treads in thought upon the starry train;

And bids the sacred vessels rashly torn.  
 From Zion's temple the rude feast adorn !  
 Commands his peers and wanton concubines  
 To drain from their recess unhallow'd wines ;  
 While servile bards his moulted idols praise,  
 Blaspheme and mock Jehovah in their lays !  
 But short his triumph, for each heart t' appal  
 A Hand unearthly writes upon the wall  
 This dreadful sentence, in strange characters,  
 Unknown to Magi or Chaldean seers :  
 THY DAYS ARE NUMBER'D, AND THY DOOM DECREED,  
 THY KINGDOM'S GIV'N TO PERSIA AND THE MEDE !  
 Thus render'd by a captive Hebrew youth,  
 Inspir'd with wisdom by the God of truth.  
 Then trembling seiz'd the king, his spirits fled,  
 His hope forsook him, and his heart grew dead !  
 Down from each bloodless lip the goblets fall,  
 And silent horror reigns throughout the hall !

O mighty one ! where are thy minions now ?  
 What is the crown that binds thine aching brow ?  
 Where are thy troops, invincible in war ?  
 What are thy golden heaps, thy silver store ?  
 Call on thine idols, call and bid them stand  
 The guardians, the protectors of thy land !—  
 Where are the prophet seers whom thou hast slain,  
 Whose blood yet calls for vengeance from the plain ?

Where are the captive Israelites, whom thou  
Hast taught in vain before thy gods to bow ?  
These shall return, O king, in safety home,  
But, thou shalt fall—and this thy hour of doom !  
For mark ! where Cyrus, girt with hosts around,  
Already 'neath thy leaguer'd wall is found ;  
There he whom holy bards foretold should come  
To free th' oppress'd and work th' oppressor's doom,  
From the full conquest of the eastern world  
His troops hath station'd and his standard furl'd—  
Intent by stratagem to work his way  
To the last kingdom that defies his sway.  
He saw Euphrates roll in orient pride  
Through thy proud city his refulgent tide,  
And sought, by secret wiles and patient force,  
To draw the river from its ancient course ;—  
Success attended his deep-laid design,  
Drain'd is the channel—peopled the ravine  
With active troops, who wait but his command  
To rush beneath the gates, and glut the brand.

'Tis night, and darkest horror reigns on high !  
Portentous meteors flash along the sky !  
Th' inspired chieftain knows the gorgeous feast  
Is richly spread for many a noble guest ;  
Where, trac'd with mirth and drown'd with floods of wine,  
They soon will all their better powers resign.

'Tis midnight deep, and Cyrus issues forth  
 His sovereign mandate—"Rush from south and north  
 "In strong battalions down the festal street,  
 "Sack all you find, and slaughter those you meet!"  
 Instant a thousand swords their sheaths forsake,  
 The arrow rattles, and the javelins shake;  
 On either hand, before them and behind,  
 Blood rolls in streams, and groans oppress the wind!  
 Ten thousand corpses strew the crowded way,  
 While death exultant smiles above his prey.—  
 'Tis done—the troops surround the palace gate,  
 Despatch the guards, a sacrifice to fate!  
 And raise a shout—loud swells the hurrying din,  
 And drowns the voice of melody within!  
 Those who have met to-night shall meet no more,  
 Save in the mass of slain or pool of gore!

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Grim terror deepens upon every path,  
 Fresh rage inflames the ministers of wrath;  
 From earth and water noisome insects spring,  
 And winds drop poison from their tainted wing:  
 Jehovah comes from heaven! thy glory's gone!  
 Jehovah comes against thee, Babylon!  
 Around him clouds in deep dark volumes bend,  
 And countless legions on his march attend!  
 Hark! to their voice! 'tis the tumultuous roar  
 Of madden'd waves that foam along the shore.

He calls ! his battling hosts obey the sound  
From earth's deep caves to heav'n's remotest bound !  
He calls ! the weapons of his fury come,  
And nations wait with awe their pending doom.  
Howl, Babylon ! o'er thee in state he stands,  
And issues from the clouds his dread commands !  
His ministers of vengeance are abroad,  
And desolation o'er thy shrines hath trod :  
Fear chills thy habitants, they writhe with pain,  
Curse life, yet worse than death's last pang sustain !  
Cold creeps their vital stream, and numb'd each limb,  
Fails every heart, and every eye is dim ;  
Sire looks on son with horror—friend on friend  
With hatred fierce as fiend contemplates fiend.  
The bridegroom flees the presence of the bride ;  
The matron throws her ornaments aside,  
Her jewels, necklace, tire, embroider'd vest,  
And the light veil that flutter'd to her breast ;  
And, bound in sackcloth, on the ground she lies,  
To deprecate the vengeance of the skies.  
The virgin, lost to decency and shame,  
Zoneless, infuriate, and with eyes of flame,  
Flees through thy howling streets in wild despair,  
The veriest wretch that breathes pollution there !

Reft of his heat and of his glory shorn,  
The sun comes darkly through the gates of morn ;  
Dim rolls the moon upon her troubl'd way,  
And not a star puts forth its glimmering ray.

Howl, Babylon! the day of God is come,  
And o'er thee waves the blacken'd pall of doom;  
The lion makes thy market-place his lair,  
Blood laves thy ports, the crocodile is there;  
Hark to that crash! it is the crash of bone!  
Hark! echo wafts thee—but the dying groan!

How are th' oppressors fallen! the proud decreas'd!  
How hath the bright, the golden city ceas'd!  
She that was delicate in her array,  
The queen of earth! the wonder of her day!  
Whose sons with more than luxury were crown'd;  
Whose daughters seem'd too nice to touch the ground:  
Now vengeance smiles upon her overthrow,  
Derides her shame, and mocks her withering woe!  
The glory of the nation is destroy'd,  
Like Sodom crush'd—a ruin waste and void!

Yes, King of Babylon, thy staff is broke,  
And slaves no longer bear thy galling yoke;  
Thou who hast scatter'd ruin in thy path,  
And smote the nations in thy quenchless wrath,  
Now retribution follows thee, and none  
Will bar its course, or for thy life atone.  
A nameless pest thy heart's consumer proves,  
And Hell to meet thee at thy coming moves!  
She stirreth up the dead whom thou hast slain,  
The kings, the princes, and the courtly train;



Who all take up one strain, and cry with scorn,  
 " O Lucifer, thou radiant son of morn,  
 " Who rashly dar'dst in thought to rival God !  
 " How is thy glory trampled with the clod !  
 " Was't thou, whom nations deem'd the bolt of fate,  
 " Who left their thrones and cities desolate ?  
 " Behold their kings repose in hallow'd ground—  
 " Their shrines are honour'd and their names renown'd ;  
 " But, abject thing, thou art denied a tomb,  
 " And hell engulphs thee in her fiery womb ! "

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Behold ! behold ! where Babylon once stood,  
 There broods the bittern o'er the lonely flood ;  
 Destruction's burning wheels have o'er her pass'd,  
 And all her beauty in the dust is cast !  
 No future habitant shall raise her domes,  
 Nor light the torch of friendship in her glooms ;  
 No more the lute shall there exalt its voice,  
 And make the echoes of her halls rejoice ;  
 No more the virgin's feet in measures move  
 To glad the heart or wake the soul to love ;  
 For where the feast was held, and bowls went round,  
 There bones lie bleaching on the blood-red ground :  
 No more the wand'ring Arab there shall stray,  
 And pitch his tents at the decline of day ;  
 The shepherd swains shall drive their flocks afar,  
 Ere twinkles in the west the evening star ;

And strangers who explore the foot-worn street  
Shall certain death upon its entrance meet;  
For ruthless beasts through all her confines roam,  
And monsters make her inner courts their home;  
There owls, and bats, and dim-ey'd moles are found,  
And satyrs o'er the rugged pavement bound:  
The snake and scorpion through her chambers glide,  
And noxious insects in her paths abide;  
The lynx and panther in her gardens dwell,  
With damned spirits from the depths of hell;  
While shrieks and groans prophane her palace towers,  
And dragons bask them in her pleasant bowers;  
Her mould'ring fanes in broken fragments fall,  
And moss and nettles hide the sculptur'd wall.

Thus fell she in the season of her pride,  
Thus fell she who the wrath of God defied;  
Her glory's sunk! her last remains are gone!  
Lives but the NAME of mighty Babylon!  
And thus shall fall each nation and each land  
Which slight his counsels and his laws withstand;  
Their hosts destroy'd, their towers to ruin hurl'd,  
Their name the scorn and terror of the world.  
Then wake ye slumberers in the tents of sin,  
Who feel no terror, no remorse within;  
Wake, ye oppressors of the people, wake,  
Your rod restrain—their iron bondage break;  
Anger already fires th' Avenger's brow,  
His arm is rais'd to stamp your overthrow.

Seek ye Messiah ! to his throne repair,  
And find a Saviour, a Protector there ;  
The ages of his kingdom know no end,  
And his dominions o'er the world extend ;  
His subjects are the denizens of heaven,  
To him the bounds of earth and sea are given ;  
Hell's flaming gulphs obey his stern commands,  
And life and death alike are in his hands.  
Then raise the hymn, the general chorus raise,  
His worth transcends your noblest, warmest praise ;  
To him ascribe the honour, glory, power,  
Might, majesty, dominion evermore !

THE END.

## **NOTES.**



## NOTES.

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### BULLINGTON.

THE traditionary fragments on which this ballad is founded were a few years ago extremely popular; but since the establishment of those excellent institutions (Sunday'schools) and the vast diffusion of religious tracts, they have fallen into disrepute among the cottagers, and are now almost forgotten. The scene of this extraordinary personage's exploits is about two miles and a half east of Oxford.

### MATILDA.

During the civil commotions between the partizans of Stephen and Matilda, the Empress was obliged to flee for refuge to the castle of D'Oily, in Oxford. Here she was besieged by Stephen's forces, but being dressed in white, with four knights, her attendants, habited in the same manner, she escaped thence at a time when the fields were covered with snow.

### ROSAMOND.

I have occasionally deviated from the historical details of the events of this lady's life, in order to follow the popular tradition, which appears to me better adapted to the purposes of poetry. The remains of Godstow Nunnery are still standing, about two miles and a half north east of Oxford, on the banks of the river Isis. Medley or Midley stood midway between the aforementioned and the latter, and was a place of recreation for the nuns of Godstow.

### ABBOT OF OSENEY.

From what source I derived this story I cannot now recollect, but suspect that imagination was more concerned in the fabrication of it than memory. Oseney is situate on the western skirts of Oxford, and some remains of the magnificent Abbey are still extant.

### THE MONKS DILEMMA.

This event took place in the year 1541, and is related by Fox in his *Ecclesiastical History*. See also *Oxoniana*, vol. i. p. 66.

### THE FATE OF LADY DUDLEY.

"June 4th, 1550, being the day after the marriage of his brother, Lord Lisle, to the Duke of Somerset's daughter, Sir Robert Dudley espoused Amie, daughter of Sir John Robsart, at Sheen, in Surrey, the King honouring their nuptials with his presence. King Edward enters this marriage in his journal in the following words:—'June 4th, 1550, Sir Robert Dudley, third son to the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart's daughter; after which marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts.' \* \* \* \*

"Amie Robsart was a very considerable heiress, and descended of a noble family in Norfolk, one of her ancestors by her father's side having been a Peer of the realm in the reign of Henry V. and two of them Knights of the Garter in the reign of that Prince and of his son."—*Biographia Britannica*.

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well-featured, being a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband: to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife, or perhaps with fair flattering intreaties, desires her to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived at the aforesaid manor, Cumner Place; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a promoter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to dispatch her. \* \* \* \* \*

"Sir Richard Varney aforesaid, who by the Earl's order remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only; and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from this place, they (I say whether first stifling her, or else strangling her,) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but yet, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, (but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head,) yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber, where she lay, to another, where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they, in the night, came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs; thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy."—*Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire.*



This cruel murder was perpetrated on the night of Saturday, the 8th of September, 1560, as stated in the MSS. of Anthony Wood, 1658. The unfortunate lady was at first buried in Cumner Church, but some inquiry being about to be instituted concerning this mysterious transaction, her body was taken up and solemnly re-buried in St. Mary's Church, Oxford; according to Wood, 'at the upper end of the chancel.' It is said that her spirit was laid to rest in a pond near the place where it had often appeared to the villagers.

Cumner is in Berkshire, pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, commanding a very extensive view over the counties of Oxford and Gloucester. Here the superiors of Abingdon Abbey had a cell, or place of retirement, called Cumner Place. In the year 1538, Thomas Rowland, the last Abbot of Abingdon, on the suppression of monasteries, surrendered all the extensive possessions of his convent into the hands of King Henry VIII. and amongst them the lands of Cumner fell to the crown. In 1546 the King, by letters patent, granted to George Owen, Esq. and John Bridges, Doctor in Physic, "the lordship, manor, and rectorial tithes of Cumner, with all its rights and appurtenances; and especially the capital messuage called Cumner Place, and the close adjoining, called Cumner Park, and the three closes called Saffron Plottys." From this period it has passed, by various grants, into the family of the Earl of Abingdon, to whom the parish now belongs.

The ancient mansion-house of Cumner Place, which the writer of these Poems remembers having seen, adjoined the west end of the church-yard, and was taken down in the year 1810.

"A heap of stones, and the foundations, now scarcely discernible, are all that remain of that venerable structure,

where monks alternately prayed and feasted, and where beauty mourned the alienated affections of a faithless husband, and suffered a violent death."—*Tighe's Historical Account of Cunner.*

#### THE HUNT OF OTTMOOR.

Ottmoor is a large morass, about five miles north-east of Oxford. The story of the ballad is chiefly imaginary.

#### THE WITHAM MILLER.

There is a ballad extant on this subject, but, if possible, it is beneath contempt. I have preserved the incidents, but cannot ascertain precisely the period at which the act was perpetrated. The miller was hanged at Reading Gaol, Witham being in Berkshire.

#### THE DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR.

This is a well-attested fact, remembered yet by several inhabitants of Oxford: with regard to the hero, however, some trifling liberties have been taken. Abingdon, the town to which he rode, is five miles and a half south of Oxford; and Bagley Wood stands midway between the two places.

#### LUCY.

The following extract from the Oxford Herald will explain this ballad:—

"A servant of a large College, who possessed much property, and was greatly respected for his industry and integrity, had an only child, on whom he doated. Unlike the smarts and the toasts of Oxford, she was kept from public view, and had the best education that persons of her

station in life could receive. A young man of rank and of considerable expectations, who belonged to the College of which her father was the butler, had often seen her, and contrived to make frequent calls at the butler's house; and often it happened that these took place in his absence. This gentleman, with whom I was intimate, was graceful in his manners and fine in his person; an excellent poet, elegant in his dress, without being foppish, and in every way formed for captivating the fair sex. He too well succeeded in gaining the heart of Lucy. She placed an unbounded confidence in his vows, and he himself fancied that he was sincere in his protestations. I am sorry that experience afterwards convinced me that the possessor of this fair outside was foul within; and that my friend could sacrifice every thing to ambition. It happened that during a long vacation, when at the mansion of his family, he was introduced to the daughter of a peer, and he soon found that he might without difficulty succeed in gaining her affections; he attempted, success crowned his endeavour, and his parents were delighted at the discovery of the conquest their son had made. He returned to College, again saw his Lucy, found that what he called his love for her was doubly increased, made protestations of eternal truth, engaged himself in the most solemn promises, and at length contracted a private marriage with her, unknown to the father, who did not even suspect the connexion. They often met, as the collegiate vocations of the old gentleman rendered his frequent absence necessary; and, unfortunately for poor Lucy, she had lost her mother in her infancy. The vacation again came round, and the adoring girl felt the horrors of separation alleviated by her husband's assurances of gradually making known to his parents the

connexion he had formed, and of causing her to be openly acknowledged as his wife. This was all soon forgotten, he again saw the titled lady; his father opened the affair to her noble parents, and it was settled that the marriage should shortly take place. He returned to Oxford, again saw Lucy, but viewed her only as a bar to his ambition. This gentleman afterwards became a conspicuous character in the state; I visited him when he was stretched on the bed of sickness and of death. I saw his departure hence; and I always pray that my latter end may not be like his.

“To conclude a narrative which never will be erased from my recollection: soon after his return to Oxford Lucy was missing; the distracted father sought her in vain; and published rewards for tidings of his beloved child; but all was useless, and the poor man, worn down to the earth by lamentations and misery, gave up his soul in breathing out prayers for his lost, his darling, his adored daughter.

“Notwithstanding years have since rolled over my head, I shudder when I relate, that soon after the death of the father the body of a young and delicate female was found buried under a tree on the side of the path in the Divinity Walk, then a favourite parade of the beaux and belles of Oxford, but afterwards deserted and suffered to be overgrown with bushes and brambles. Report then stated that a man happening to be in the walk, late in the evening, struck by an unusual appearance, climbed into a tree, beheld the digging of the grave, and saw the body deposited; but was too much alarmed to make any attempt at seizing the grave-digger. After that time the lady was often seen by those who passed through the walk in the evening. This belief

was not confined to the more ignorant; it spread itself amongst even the respectable classes of society, and the ghost of the Divinity Walk at last took exclusive possession of the once favourite resort of the grave and the gay, the wit and the lounge, the lads and the lasses of Oxford.

"Poor Lucy! I heard the death-bed confession of him who caused thee to be interred in the cold earth of the spirit-haunted Divinity Walk. May God have forgiven him!"—*Memoirs of \*\*\*\*\**. Written by himself.

#### LUCONUS.

Motives of delicacy induce me to forbear expatiating on this subject; suffice it that the character is copied from life.

#### THE SKELETON GHOST.

This event was related to me by the gentleman who wished for the skeleton, to whom the hero of the story told it himself.

#### MARY.

This melancholy circumstance occurred too recently to require explanation. The parents of the unfortunate girl are still living in Oxford.

#### NUNEHAM FETE.

An annual festival holden in Nuneham Park on the twelfth of August, in honour of the Prince Regent's (now George the Fourth) birth-day. The number of persons who attended in the present year, 1818, was computed at four thousand.

### THE FALL OF MERCURY.

A leaden statue of Mercury formerly stood in the centre of the fountain in the great quadrangle of Christ Church, but some wicked wags one night, in the winter of 1819, pulled it from its pedestal, and it has never been replaced.

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### MISCELLANEOUS TALES, &c.

#### ISABEL AND LORENZO.

This is a paraphrase of one of Boccaccio's tales. I have amplified and retrenched as occasion seemed to require, and should have omitted or altered one incident materially had I not been afraid that it would have changed in an unwarrantable manner the character of the piece.

#### ALMOURAN AND LEILA.

This is a juvenile attempt at an oriental tale.

#### HAROLD THE VALIANT.

In Dr. Drake's learned and interesting work entitled *Literary Hours*, there is a prose translation of an Icelandic chronicle, of which, with the exception of the first lines, this piece is a paraphrase.

#### THE DELUGE.

A prose translation of Gessner's Poem on the Deluge is printed in Miss Elizabeth Smith's *Fragments*. I have taken considerable liberties in this paraphrase of it.

### THE EMIGRANTS.

This tale appeared in the little work I published about two years ago ; but as it was written and sent into the world precipitately, I avail myself of the present opportunity of presenting it to my readers in a more compressed and correct state.

### BABYLON.

Semiramis, according to Rollin, undertook the building of Babylon, in order to immortalize her name. The walls of this city were in thickness eighty-seven feet, in height three hundred and fifty, and in compass sixty miles.

These walls were drawn round the city in the form of an exact square, with twenty-five gates of solid brass on each side, between every two of which were three towers, and four more at the four corners of this great square, and three between each of these corners and the gate next on either side ; every one of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls.

From the twenty-fifth gate in each side went twenty-five streets, in straight lines to the gates which were opposite them, directly crossing each other at right angles, so that the whole number of streets was fifty, each fifteen miles long. Besides these there were also four half streets, which had houses only on one side and the wall on the other ; these went round the four sides of the city, next the walls. Thus the whole city was cut into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each two miles and a quarter in circumference. The space in the middle of each square was employed for gardens, &c. A branch of the river Euphrates ran across the city from north to south. In the new palace on the

west side of the river, were the celebrated hanging gardens, which contained a square of one hundred feet on every side. They were carried up in the manner of large terraces one above another till the height equalled that of the walls of the city. Amytis, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, daughter of Astyages, king of Medea, being much delighted with the mountains and woody parts of that country, desired to have something like them in Babylon; and Nebuchadnezzar, to gratify her, caused this prodigious edifice to be erected. The Temple of Belus stood near the old palace, on the east side of the river. At the foundation it was half a mile in compass, and a furlong in height. We have good reason to believe this to be the same tower that was built there at the confusion of languages. On the top was an Observatory, by the benefit of which the Babylonians became more expert in astronomy than all other nations. The riches of this temple in statues, tables, censers, cups, and other sacred vessels, all of massy gold, were immense.

In the latter part of the Poem I have followed the prophetic writers, whose predictions were literally verified, as appears from the subsequent account of prophane historians. I have adopted as much of the language of scripture as possible, thinking it most agreeable to the nature of the subject.

END OF THE NOTES.



Printed by Munday and Slatter, Oxford.





